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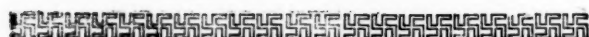
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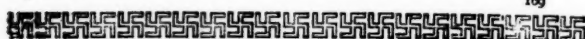
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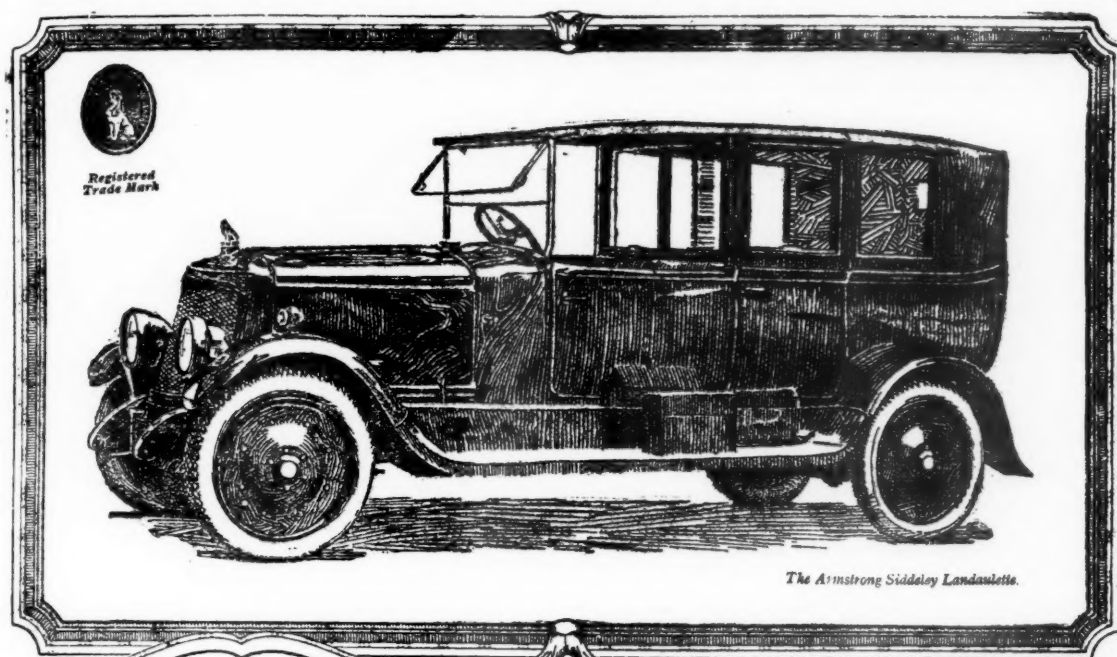
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(Letters and MSS. for the Editor, and Books for review, should be addressed to 10, Adelphi Terrace, W.C.2.)

## NOTES AND COMMENTS

A WRITER in *Die Zukunft* has recently suggested a plan for preserving the great city of Vienna from the dissolution and decay which seem inevitable. His plan is that it should be made a free and neutral city, the headquarters of the League of Nations. The merit of this suggestion, which is likely to be despised merely because it comes from a German source, is that it presents the problem of Vienna from the proper angle. The casual student of history knows that Vienna has been for centuries the advanced outpost of European culture towards the East. It ranks with Paris as one of the two great European cities. The light of its civilization and learning and science has for ages illuminated the semi-barbarism and barbarism of the Near East. To take but one single instance, the vast majority of the doctors who practice in the various Balkan States received their training at Vienna. Whether the plan of *Die Zukunft* is practicable or not, it is as a European city that Vienna must be considered. If it is allowed to fall into ruin, civilization in the Near East will receive a set-back from which it may never recover.

\* \* \* \*

The phrase "a good European" will not be endeared to most modern minds by the fact that Nietzsche gave it currency. Nevertheless, the most urgent duty at the present time of all who care for the things of the spirit, who attach importance to the intellectual activities detailed in the sub-title of *THE ATHENÆUM*, is to be good Europeans. This is not a question of forgiving and forgetting. It is not necessary to forgive and forget to be a good European. He turns to the future rather than to the past; he

is concerned, as Anton Tchekhov said in a pregnant phrase, "with plus-values only." Perhaps he cannot forget; but he has no time to be vindictive, no energy to waste in brooding over the past, however bitter and indelible it may be. It is the future that is menaced by the common enemy of us all—barbarism. One does need sharp eyes to discern the symptoms of "war-coarsening" everywhere. The spiritual fibre of the world has been roughened and abraded. The common consciousness of civilization, the sense of distinction between right and wrong, is being worn away.

\* \* \* \*

Again, this is no question of politics; it is a question of morality. Our moderns shudder at the word. They feel that they can be kind and generous and forgiving without having recourse to this exploded superstition of morality. It is a fatal delusion. What weakens and corrupts the present generation is its lack of a sense that morality is necessary to any redemptive action. Without it kindness is mere self-indulgence, and generosity fruitless. Men must combine in the faith that certain things are good and certain other things are bad, and that no compromise is possible between them. The dangerous half-truth that Art should be pursued for Art's sake was harmless in the days when a common moral consciousness steadied the world; to-day, when the artists (in the broadest sense of the word) are perhaps a majority of the few who are sensitive to the spiritual degradation that threatens the world, the half-truth is sapping at the springs of action.

\* \* \* \*

It works together with half-apprehended scientific theories. Society is a herd; therefore one may not contend against it. A man's actions are the result

of complexes and neuroses: therefore he is not responsible for them. This is the most insidious humbug that has ever usurped the name of knowledge. At a moment when everything matters as it has not mattered for centuries, at a climacteric of the history of civilization, the half-spoken lie that "nothing matters" is paralysing the minds and wills of our younger generation. They flirt with causes that are not their own; they claim licence for themselves because they have not the energy to think in what true liberty consists. They must hammer out for themselves, without delay, a conception of right and wrong that is universal, and fight for it in their every word. Salvation, if there is to be salvation, rests with them. The modern press is a chaos of forgotten values. The *Daily News*, which professes to have a conscience, prints column after column of discussion of a book written in praise of sexual promiscuity, apparently because it is a paying "stunt," while it laments and deplores the barbarism in Ireland. It does not see the same morality is involved. Modern humanitarianism is as dishonest as modern reaction.

\* \* \*

By holding a two days' conference this week on "Rural Libraries," the Carnegie United Kingdom Trustees showed their usual insight into the needs of the situation. The work already performed was described by the late and the present secretaries of the Trust. Various problems of internal organization, transport, and collaboration with the Central Library for Students were discussed by the officers concerned. But the most illuminating statement of policy was made by Miss Haldane, who corrected a tendency to insist on the merely mechanical problem of distribution by pointing out that two aims must be kept steadily in view: (1) to create a demand for good reading, and (2) to satisfy this demand. The old economic puzzle whether supply creates demand or the converse arises again here. As in urban libraries, so in the new rural systems; it is not enough to provide excellent books—readers must be educated to use them. The librarians must be propagandists and missionaries.

\* \* \*

"We are only at the beginning of the movement," she pointed out; and this cannot be too thoroughly realized by those Education Authorities who seem inclined to think that they have done all they are called upon to do when they have sent some hundreds of book-boxes to the schools. There must be a personal contact between the librarians and the readers. Many counties will require several centres, and a staff of librarians, all actively engaged in awakening the demand as well as supplying books to satisfy it. This will mean liberal expenditure. At present some counties have not levied any rate whatever, but are content to let their libraries exist on the charity of the Trust. Kent, with a rural population of a million, proposes to spend £2,000 a year, the product of a one-eighteenth or one-twentieth of a penny rate. This is to ignore the lessons of the past, and to pay no heed to our painful experience of urban libraries inadequately equipped, undermanned, and prevented by all sorts of disabilities from performing their proper functions. Boldness of vision is required if full advantage is to be taken of this momentous opportunity.

## VOLTE-FACE

EARLY one morning a telegram came for Margaret Jefferson. She looked up at her brother, entering for breakfast, and said:

"Pater is dying. I'm going up by the 11."

Leonard's expression of a cheeky cock-sparrow set grimly.

"At those people's?"

"Yes. I think you might come."

He debated inwardly the worth of stirring the inexplicable antagonism between himself and the dying man, and weighed the value of his appearance on the scene. He said: "I can't stay."

Margaret dressed carefully, and tried the effect of one or two veils. She always wore a veil, and her green eyes gleamed oddly through the meshes, and connected themselves with her jade ear-rings. She enabled women to say incredibly disagreeable things by an achievement of distinction as she moved, tall and rather slowly, and even more as she stood perfectly still, but her clothes were never remarkable.

As she dressed, old feelings of love, of admiration, of understanding of her father, mixed themselves with thoughts that tried to focus this climax accurately. No doubt of being in it occurred to her. She was going more than ever before into the unknown. She was plunging into those depths that for years had closed over her father, who had occasionally, and solely it seemed on her account, come to the surface in a private capacity. In a public one he had usually been attainable in chambers. She recalled stressful times when she had stood up to him, mostly for Leonard. As for her mother, remote, with a young sister, nothing could come of the tale of doleful tidings but upbraidings of the past and blind fury. Unthinkable that she—Margaret—should go to the woman's house.

That was where she was going, undoubtedly. The woman had been her own nurse, the nurse of a nurseryful, and her father had borne her off and made her the mother of a brood of her own, five or six, and one a son.

Now he was dying. He had sent for her. Margaret glowed with soft sympathy and rose to nobility of sentiment as Leonard scratched out his pipe with a knife and talked in a bad temper about "No d—d humbug" in the railway carriage.

Superiority is sustaining. A legal status is unassailable. Her state of mind was akin to that of the Anglican who "would pity and pardon Dissenters, but could not love them."

The woman who had been their nurse met them, numbly unconscious; present anxiety eclipsed the past for her. She had always clung and obeyed. John James was no longer a support, but he could still give orders. One of them had been the summons to Margaret. She saw no use in sending for another woman; there were six in the house already, and all she wanted was John James; but she had done his bidding. And John James lay upstairs a-dying.

The fulfilment of his simple intention to get what he desired in life had resulted in complications that he, mistily happy, was leaving to unravel themselves behind him. The room was shadowed, and in and

out came girls, graceful and sunny-haired, bringing things to his bedside, or grouped by a table working and talking in low voices. What a good-looking lot they were, all of them! All his and that woman's with the anxious face, who, thank goodness, always did what she was told. She couldn't have wanted Margaret, but he had said she was to come, and now she was watching below to open the door to her. He had always loved children, liked them about him, been proud of them. Not that young cub Leonard, with his d—d cocksure face. His son, the very core of his heart—Jim—stood by the window, tall, slender, as sensitive as a racehorse; he could feel his eyes, they never left his own face. Margaret and he would be a pair, looks and brains, breeding in every line of them. He had wanted to see them together. His. Something to be proud of to leave such stock behind you. Men built bridges and things, and pored over insects and—John James sniffily reviewed the great works of the earth and dozed.

He was roused by a voice he hated saying, "Well, Pater?" in a tone of encouraging moral superiority to all around it. At the same moment he saw Margaret, erect, distinguished, her green eyes gleaming down.

From that moment Leonard became non-existent as far as his enfeebled father could make him so. He clasped Margaret's hand. She was unaffectedly conscious of being—after a slow, comprehensive gaze at every figure as she entered—the best-looking and best-dressed woman in the house. She felt unfeignedly sorry for all these—these illegal—girls, and really heart-wrung for her father, who had wanted to see her so much that he had waived distinctions and subjected her to this ordeal.

"Pater, dear," she said in her drawly, rather deep voice, "is there anything you'd like?"

The eyes that had never left John James's face burnt a scorching fire of questions; for one instant they rested on the futile, faded mother shrunken away to a further corner, and flashed round the sisters, risen, amazed, shocked into recognition of a flighty past of their father's besmirching their even tenor of respectability. There was no mistaking this written on their mild, meek faces.

The women who said things about Margaret would have triumphed at this instant divination of incarnate sin by incarnate innocence. John James's little eyes twinkled into life: he saw Leonard's nose in the air, Margaret's beautiful resignation; he read the huddled faces of his illegal daughters plainly. Suspicion, anguish, disappointment, fought down the soul's adoration in the son's face he loved best in the world. All those bodies had been his, but their souls were their own. However you looked at it, he had somehow wronged Jim most. He beckoned him with the hand Margaret did not hold. Helay between them, linking them, brother and sister.

That was his last effort. A little sigh, and he gave it all up.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jim led his mother into another room and shut the door.

"Mother," he said, "who are these people?"

There can be irony in echoes.

W. M. LODGE.

## GUY AND HIS FOLLOWERS

"FEW spectacles are more beautiful, or more calculated for entertainment, than a well-conducted display of fireworks, in which are exhibited such various bodies, so brilliantly illuminated, and arranged in the most variegated forms: sometimes producing surprising and unexpected manations, moving with velocity through the air, throwing out innumerable sparks or blazing balls, which fly off into the infinity of space: others, suddenly exploding, scatter abroad luminous fragments of fire, which are trejected with the most speedy trepidation; and again, others are revolving on a quiescent centre, and by their revolutions produce the most beautiful circles of fire which seem to vie with each other in their emanations of splendour and light."

In such glowing terms does one of the earlier artists, contemporary with that spiritual lord of pyrotechnics, Byron, express his artifices. One sees him as it were at a set-piece, awaiting each new gasp of the astonished spectator, and gallantly assuring *la belle assemblée* that the performance is devoid of all danger whatsoever.

The present season has, we are told, witnessed a prodigious demand for the firework. It is our earnest wish that the author whom we quoted at first may not hear of this. The object of his volume was to acquaint the "sciolistic Tyro" with the materials, recipes, and apparatus used; indeed, the introduction plainly states: "The directions herein given (if strictly attended to) will enable youth to gratify their taste for this species of recreation at a comparatively small expense, and at the same time will guard them against those accidents which often arise to the ignorant, in firing the larger works purchased from the makers; and throughout the whole it will strictly observe a principle of economy, the neglect of which has so frequently retarded the operations of genius." One almost suspects Mr. Mortimer (to conceal his name no longer from the expectant reader) of having been dismissed at some period from the service of "the makers."

However, he enumerates the ways and means in his lordly fashion, with his eye now on the French Artists, now on the Tyro, until presently the latter has heard the genesis and predestination of Common Stars, White Stars, Blue Stars, Drove Stars, Pointed Stars, Stars of a Fine Colour, Variegated Stars, Brilliant Stars, Tailed Stars, and Ditto with Sparks. And this is only a hundredth part; for not stars only, but Suns Fixed and Moveable are shown to be at the mercy of the attentive. Mr. Mortimer closes on a hopeful note—we can well imagine how the eye of the youthful practitioner shone in 1824 when he read that the Pyrotechnic art was not, despite received opinion, upon the decline in England. A week scarcely passed, according to the author, but he was arrested in his progress through the busy town by placards of three or four feet long, advising him of grand displays of fireworks at Vauxhall or other places of amusement.

It is to be feared, however, that pyrotechny has fallen away from the station among the fine arts which this enthusiast appears to have accepted. In his introduction he had promised "to treat of fireworks as objects of rational amusement," but the present writer feels that he dare not walk along the Strand, even on

the present distinguished day, cheerfully casting Chinese crackers in his path. This would be misconstrued: rational amusement, however, is but a convenient term, agreeable to the public voice, and one may even read poetry in a train without causing one's neighbour to writhe nervously away.

The war gave the despised art something like an international status. Mr. Mortimer was sadly needed at times on the Western Front; the officer on watch, having raised his so-called duck-gun high above his head, pressed the trigger. A devastating report? certainly; and a brilliant flare is soaring towards the opposite trenches? Alas! a dingy trail of red sparks and a splutter had been the sole result; and the late enemy, after surveying several attempts of the kind, has been known to strike matches and launch them into air from his parapets. But times changed, and other luminaries came; while our opponent made night hideous with the sulphurish, vinous, or bloom-like profusion of his *Licht-patronen*.

True, Guy Fawkes Day will be the occasion of countless tiny atmospheric disturbances, and to-morrow morning the children will be out early to inspect the cold and lifeless catherine wheels and golden rains; but if one figure crosses our path we shall be pleasantly surprised. It is that straw-stuffed effigy of the great Guido himself, a trifle of whose thrill each of us felt when setting the match to our first "shilling cannon." Surely justice has never been done to that rare creature, the god by common consent of all playing with fire. There is Ainsworth; but where are the poets? Perhaps it is the ultimate failure which keeps them unvoiced on such an uplifting theme; but poets are privileged people, and could well ring down the curtain on a vision of the House of Commons *in excelsis*. Only the critics would assail the happy ending. Lamb alone among our worthies realized the true greatness of Guido. On such a night as this, he was somewhere enjoying the air when some young fellows ("who had not passed the London Tavern without resting") hailed him on account of his hat as the original Mr. Guy; and bore him aloft in triumph through the town. This honour Lamb enjoyed to the full; and was always telling of it for years; and this is how, whenever he walked into the precincts of his old school, there were not wanting bright spirits among the Blues to raise the pæan, "Here comes Mr. Guy!"

E. B.

## Poetry

### UNFULFILMENT

I know too late how fluently my bow  
Should skim the strings, my fingers giving birth  
To living notes which sound about my ears,  
And make a heavenly music, though on earth.  
And still I see how clearly shines the light  
On winter branches, how the dripping rain  
Deepens the colours on the hills, and how  
To draw those horses plodding up the lane.  
I know too late; my hands can do no more;  
But naught can chill the powers that in me lie  
Of growing sense of colour and of sound,  
And biting pain, until I also die.

JOAN ARDEN.

## REVIEWS

### MRS. ASQUITH

*She dwelt among the untrodden ways  
Beside the springs of Dove,  
A Maid whom there were none to praise  
And very few to love.*

MRS. ASQUITH'S book\* will certainly be very popular; but that can hardly be the excuse for it. If it is considered merely as a popular success, an indubitable "best-seller," awkward questions arise: for instance, whether the publication of the book offends against the principle *noblesse oblige*. We may therefore assume that it was meant to be something other than a catchpenny. Mrs. Asquith, probably, intended to set down for the sake of posterity a picture of life in a section of London society before the memory of the period had faded. Perhaps we may trace the genesis of Mrs. Asquith's book to some words spoken to her by Mr. Arthur Balfour: "No history of our time will be complete unless the influence of the Souls upon society is dispassionately and accurately recorded." Mrs. Asquith, as one of the Muses of the distinguished and self-conscious intellectual set of the early 'nineties called the Souls, may have conceived herself as obviously marked out to be the historian of its influence. There is no reason to believe that she aimed deliberately at the rather cheap notoriety which she has achieved. The internal evidence of the book tells heavily against the supposition.

We have, indeed, a rather schoolboyish feeling that "there is something very decent about Mrs. Asquith." It is evoked partly by the sense that she is at great pains to be sincere, partly by the curious naïveté that pervades her book. It is difficult to grant that the society in which she played so prominent a part was, in its way, a spiritual *élite*, but if we do, we are left to wonder how a woman so simple-minded in all but the most obvious senses of the phrase could have taken the lead in it. For Mrs. Asquith is conspicuously lacking in the gift of sympathetic imagination, strangely unresponsive to the nuance of thought or speech or character. The world of which she gives us glimpses is a world of the kaleidoscope, which endeavours to make up for the absence of a third dimension by the glitter of its colour. No single one of the persons whom she introduces has a solid and independent life of his own. The more fortunate are distinguished in our memory by a *bon mot* into which a certain quality of temperament has entered. But it is all accidental and haphazard; the only character who is really presented to us as having another vitality than that of a marionette is Mrs. Asquith's first fiancé, Peter Flower. He was emphatically not a Soul; if he had been (we are given to understand) Mrs. Asquith would have married him. The reason why Mrs. Asquith has been able to convey something of his personality is that she has remembered the words he used to her in a moment of overpowering emotion. It says much for her sincerity that she records them, although this effect of sincerity is diminished by that of her whole attitude towards the episode. She looks upon him as an incomprehensible specimen; he is a being of three dimensions viewed by a two-dimensional vision. Had she been able to realize this, she would have been a very different person altogether; she would hardly have left his description of her on record. The description itself would not have been true.

"I will marry you," I said, "if you get some serious occupation, Peter, but I won't marry an idle man; you think of nothing but yourself and me."

PETER: "What in the name of goodness would you have me think of? Geography?"

\* "The Autobiography of Margot Asquith." (Thornton Butterworth. 25s. net.)

MARGOT: "You know exactly what I mean. Your power lies in love-making, not in loving; you don't love anyone but yourself."

At this, Peter moved away from me as if I had struck him and said in a tense, low voice:

"I am glad I did not say that. I would not care to have said such a cat-cruel thing; but I pity the man who marries you! He will think—as I did—that you are impulsively warm, kind and gentle; and he will find that he has married a governess and a prig; and a woman whose fire—of which she boasts so much—blasts his soul."

I listened to a Peter I had never heard before. His face frightened me. It indicated suffering. I put my head against his and said, "How can I make an honest man of you, my dearest?"

"It indicated suffering" is unconsciously, artistically perfect! Peter was a little rhetorical; but his "governess and prig" hit the mark. It is not the phrasing of a Soul or of a novelist: it is that of a half-educated man. But the discovery is not less authentic. "It indicated suffering"!

This chapter of *L'affaire Flower* is worth the whole of the book; it is the key to the whole of the book. Since Mrs. Asquith has chosen to set herself before us, we have the right to anatomize her. The elementary fact about her is that she has no imaginative perception and no sensitiveness. Therefore, she has infinite courage, or rather—since she uses the word of the late Duchess of Devonshire—infinite effrontery. She is perfectly good-natured; she has the best intentions; but she simply does not know when she is hurting people. The episode of the description of R. L. Stevenson and his wife, which was not confined to the American edition of the Autobiography—it appears in the book before us on p. 202—is an obvious case in point. That it appeared was not due to a carelessness in correcting the proofs, as the official apologia says—who put the story into the printer's copy?—but to Mrs. Asquith's ignorance that it could give offence. But the instance is so obvious as to be hardly interesting. The thought of the havoc that this brilliant, insensitive woman must have made as she went blundering into people's lives is almost terrifying; but it is no concern of ours. Mrs. Asquith is merely a two-dimensional being that we wish to submit to a three-dimensional vision; it is her turn to be the specimen.

Of course, being an insensitive, Mrs. Asquith is a sentimentalist. The process is familiar. She has to supply her very slender stock of emotions with a mass of false ones. She has the strangest sentimental illusions about herself. Of these the chief, and the most inevitable, is that she is much more sensitive than other people. "I shrank then," she writes, "as I do now, from exposing the secrets and sensations of life. Reticence should guard the soul, and only those who have compassion should be admitted to the shrine." She regards herself as pre-eminently endowed with compassion. She is, to herself, a person with an infinite capacity for love, which is wasted in a world of beings distinguished chiefly by their lovelessness. "No one has suffered more at discovering the instability of human beings and how little power to love they possess." Poor, heartless world! The way in which she manifests this unique capacity for love is by telling people "the truth about themselves." Strangely enough, they do not like it; often they resent it. The explanation of this mystery is not that Mrs. Asquith tells them for truth something as superficial as the delineations of character in this book; no, "the fact is that I am not touchy and impenitent myself and forget that others may be." This extravagant egotism of the insensitive is also familiar. Mrs. Asquith, being by nature incapable of understanding anybody, is for this very reason driven by a passion to tell them the truth about themselves. They resent the caricature—the best thing for them would be to take it as a joke, but this demands more detachment than most people possess—and she explains away their

resentment to her own satisfaction as due to their touchiness and impenitence. Not, however, to her permanent satisfaction. In fact, the discrepancy worries her. Here are people towards whom she is overbrimming with love, and they do not love her in return. In time the explanation of touchiness and impenitence in particular and lovelessness in general wears rather thin. These loveless, touchy impenitents manage to love other people and to be loved by them. Mrs. Asquith has known more persons than most of us and lived longer; if we compare her experience with our own (*si parva licet*) she has been something worse than unfortunate in finding only six people with the capacity for love. Naturally, it worries her. She returns to the question in her final sketch of her own character:

I have a great longing to help those I love, which leads one to intrepid personal criticism; and I do not always know what hurts my friends' feelings. I do not think I should mind anything that I have said to others being said to me, but one never can tell; I have taken adverse criticism pretty well all my life and had a lot of it, but by some gap I have not succeeded in making my friends take it well. I am not vain or touchy and it takes a lot to offend me; but when I am hurt the scar remains. . . . One of my complaints against the shortness of life is that there is not enough time to feel pity and love for enough people.

That is as near as Mrs. Asquith gets to recognizing that the trouble comes from a deficiency in herself, and she immediately blurs her vision of "the gap" by returning to the old charge of "vanity and touchiness" and the old illusion that she is brimming over with unrequited love. On the whole, we incline to congratulate quite a number of people, including ourselves, that Mrs. Asquith will not live long enough to love them. It is evidently a painful process.

Mrs. Asquith is a sentimentalist, and a sentimentalist of the worst kind, one who keeps it all for herself. She imagines that she is a very rare, very misunderstood person. She has made a serious mistake in writing this book; in it she delivers up her secret to the first-comer. Any ordinary person with the normal tincture of imaginative perception in his composition will understand Mrs. Asquith far better than she understands any one of the hundreds of characters on whom she passes judgment in her book; he will understand why, in spite of the eminence of these characters, her book is really a very dull one unless it is regarded as an unconscious self-revelation. From that aspect it is quite interesting, though the type it reveals is not very intriguing. We feel vaguely sorry for Mrs. Asquith: she is so obviously "a decent sort," and so obviously intolerable. To have had such a poor equipment for extracting the wonder from the world is like being condemned to catch sunbeams with a thermometer; we hope that, in compensation, she has received a full share of the satisfactions she was capable of appreciating. Even so her life must have been singularly exhausting. She lacked all power of inward repose and refreshment, for only those who have the faculty of imaginative sympathy can surrender their souls to something beyond them and receive them back again renewed. Mrs. Asquith had no place of rest; but she may not have known the need of rest. Lack of imagination gives strength of a certain, unenviable kind; anyhow, it is significant that the one passage in which she suggests the possibility of her needing a haven of repose is one which proves that she could never find it:

If I were to be as unhappy again as I was there, I would fly to the shelter of those Rackham woods, seek isolation on those curving coasts where the gulls shriek and dive and be ultimately healed by the beauty of the anchored seas which bear the islands like the Christ Child on their breasts.

There is no sentiment so false as the sentiment of the insensitive.

J. M. M.

## THE PROSPECTOR

THE GLAMOUR OF PROSPECTING. By F. C. Cornell. (Fisher Unwin. 21s. net.)

WE do not know whether the fever of prospecting is widely distributed amongst modern youths. At the adventurous epoch in the present reviewer's life he remembers hesitating before the glorious careers open to a member of the Cape mounted police and that of a prospector. The prospecting career had the advantage of combining a chance of unlimited wealth with its other attractions; and the fact that one had to take, not only a gun, but funny tools and little bottles of acid, finally turned the scales. The Cape mounted police lost a recruit, and the prospecting career was embraced—in dreamland only, alas! We have always regretted that it was only in dreamland, but since reading Mr. Cornell's book we are not so sure. For this most fascinating book incidentally reveals the qualities necessary to make a good prospector. He must be a good shot, capable of enduring great fatigue, a good swimmer, and have any amount of pluck. So far our dream self finds nothing to object to. Obviously, we should be all that, and we never pictured ourself in circumstances where we were not good shots and good swimmers or ever fell short of positive heroism. It is the rest of Mr. Cornell's list that has made us doubtful. The good prospector must be able to thrive on any kind of food; he must be able to eat—well, muck, and be able to drink water which is black, which stinks, is full of such things as mosquito larvæ, and does not contain larger unpleasantnesses only because it has been strained through a pocket-handkerchief. It is a dietary which causes lesser mortals, like members of the Cape mounted police, to develop diphtheria and black-water fever; the prospector, however, thrives on it like a baby on a patent milk-food.

Also, the prospector must be as immune from petty worries, as imperturbably serene, as Plato. Mr. Cornell describes at least a dozen arduous expeditions in search of precious stones or precious metals; not one of them is successful. He plods wearily over a desert beneath a boiling sun; he is drenched by fearful rain-storms; his feet are cut and bleeding, bound by rags; he, even he, has a touch of fever; he winds up by breaking three ribs, and he is not a penny richer. Nevertheless, before his ribs are properly healed, he is off again to another Arcadia. But we can see, more dimly as we get older, that the life has its fascinations. The climate is often glorious, there are wonderful days and wonderful nights; the scenery may be forbidding or altogether beautiful, but it is always on the grand scale; and the sense of perfect freedom—a rifle and the knowledge that a few miles off there is a little hole of insect-breeding water—must be unequalled. And then, of course, there is the chance, just the bare chance, that one may make a fortune.

But what would Mr. Cornell do with his fortune? We doubt if he has ever asked himself the question. We think he would equip an expedition to do that Kalahari Desert properly, for he is obviously annoyed by the fact that his radius of exploration was restricted, since he found he could not go, under a vertical sun and over sand that burnt the feet, more than thirty-six hours without water; there are some men, he remarks enviously, who can go for four or five days under such conditions. No, a properly equipped expedition is necessary. Oxen are not much good; they seem to die in the absence of water. But Mr. Cornell thinks something could be done with camels. They are very difficult to get, however, and it is here, we suggest, that a fortune could come in. Imagine a string of these noble animals, never wanting any water! The limitless miles of sand-dunes over which Mr. Cornell could wander, looking for more gold—

or was it emeralds? We envy Mr. Cornell, and we respect him even more than we envy him.

## WELL, WELL!

THE USES OF DIVERSITY. By G. K. Chesterton. (Methuen. 6s. net.)

ANYONE who has himself tried to write brightly yet thoughtfully for the newspapers will read these republished articles of Mr. Chesterton's with a peculiar gloom. This is what bright thoughts look like when in book-form! Thirty-five damp and dishevelled little lumps, sticking to one another like sweets that have been forgotten, or (more gruesome yet) that have been sucked and replaced in their box by malignant children. Take, oh take those sweets away! We are not amused by them. Mr. Chesterton's temperament is not at fault; there is no opening here for examining his temperament. It is rather that the peculiar form such journalism imposes plays the devil with any temperament. No equipment can withstand it. A subject is "given" or "chosen," such as Seriousness, Christmas, Pigs, Rostand, or "Emma," and the journalist makes from it a little jump into the air. Pretty soon he comes down again and says something mechanically, something that he learned and perhaps felt twenty years ago. Mr. Chesterton will say "Seriousness is irrelevant," or "'Emma' foreshadows the perils of Baby Week"—epigrams that he may have made vitally elsewhere, but that here are crude, silly, inapposite artistically, and in any case mechanical. Back again to the subject. Try another little jump. Go through a paper hoop, at the same time indicating with a humorous yet assured gesture the existence of the Stars. Example: "I am told by housewives that beetles seldom laugh. Cats do not laugh—except the Cheshire Cat (which is not found in Egypt); and even he can only grin. And crocodiles do not laugh. They weep." Some of the public will find the beetle amusing and the crocodile profound, others will say that G. K. C. tends to repeat himself. But only those who have themselves tried to write this sort of stuff can realize what sort of stuff it is—neither criticism nor creation, but a bastard mixture of the two, the very lowest stirrings of the literary spirit.

Well, well! Not many journalists could persuade a publisher to issue such their stuff in book-form. Envy against Mr. Chesterton. Speculations as to what Mr. Chesterton, first and last, will make. Desire that Mr. Chesterton should invite one to have a drink instead of jeering at one for not drinking; he could afford it all right. . . . Such mean notions trail through the mind, while the finger trails down the pages, seeking vainly for something structural if not for anything new. Mormonism, Lamp-posts, Pseudo-scientific Books, Futurism, Dickens. All so stale, formless and short that the moralist in one's bosom is half awakened, and an inclination arises to be scathing. But what should one denounce except, very elaborately and pompously, the age? Mr. Chesterton, quâ journalist, is a product of our age, which demands a little thought, a little jest, and a little article. One may like or dislike his opinions (the present writer likes over 25 per cent. of them), but whatever their merit they are here subdued to their lugubrious medium, and were he to praise atheism and water instead of blaming them the cumulative effect would not be otherwise. Nothing can be registered, too low is the level. It's saddening, and the sadness increases when one reflects that one's no better oneself, and far less talented. If Mr. Chesterton's articles are worthless, so is this article that deals with them. Let the lover of literature throw all of them together into his waste-paper basket, and forget that such things could be.

# A CITY PURGED BY FLAME

THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON IN 1666. By Walter George Bell.  
(Lane. 25s. net.)

**A**T last we possess an adequate history of this tremendous event. The journals of Evelyn and Pepys tell us much that is of abiding interest, but the particulars given are insufficient for the student, and the holocaust of mediæval and Shakespearian London remained an outstanding occurrence which, in the absence of ordered knowledge, badly needed illuminative treatment. The author of this book has sought out the fountains of light; drawn from the archives of the City and the manuscripts at St. Paul's; and turned to other reserve stores of facts too numerous to name. The outcome is an interesting volume, which may be read by the London topographer with the assurance that it is trustworthy and a product of genuine research.

The City has always been peculiarly exposed to the danger of burning. Prior to the happening described by the author, similar disasters especially memorable to Londoners occurred in the years 1087, 1136, and 1212. Long after 1666 there were two extraordinarily big fires—in 1861 and 1897. The fire of 1666 was the cause of far fewer deaths than the fearful affair of July, 1212, when 3,000 people on London Bridge, hemmed in by impassable barriers of flame, miserably perished—some by fire, and others by drowning, as they desperately leapt into, and sank, the fleet of boats sent to their assistance. Moreover, the Great Fire probably led to fewer immediate fatalities even than the conflagration which raged in Tooley Street, Southwark, two centuries later (June 22, 1861). On that occasion Mr. James Braidwood, the Chief of the Fire Brigade, was killed by the collapse of a wall; and at least seven other persons lost their lives—some of them while collecting tallow which guttered into the Thames from the blazing riverside warehouses. Eight is the highest estimate of the number of deaths which were directly due to the fire of 1666. James Shirley, the playwright, and Frances, his wife, who fled to St. Giles-in-the-Fields, died less than two months afterwards, on the same day, overcome with "affrightments, disconsolations, and other miseries occasion'd by that fire and their losses."

The Great Fire was at the time extremely calamitous, but it led to the gradual conversion of a labyrinth of cobble-paved tortuous lanes, with mediæval timber and plaster houses, picturesque but insanitary, and cooped up inside a high wall, into an open metropolis of brick and stone, which was fair to look upon, had broad and well-laid streets, and became one of the healthiest cities in the world.

Statistics are dry things; but a very few comparative figures impressively show the scale of the Great Fire. At Southwark, in 1861, three acres of buildings were destroyed; the loss was computed at about £2,000,000; and the south bank of the Thames, from London Bridge to below the Custom House, was an incandescent selva of flame. The Cripplegate fire (November 19, 1897) extended over four acres, affected seventeen streets, and occasioned a loss of £2,000,000. But the Great Fire devastated 437 acres, levelled 400 streets and courts, destroyed 13,200 houses, 87 churches, and 44 civic companies' halls. It made homeless upwards of 100,000 people. Five-sixths of the walled town were burnt, and the fire also consumed the Liberties towards Temple Bar. Except for chimney-stacks, towers and remains of walls, and desolate mounds of stinking rubbish, London was a *tabula rasa*. It was possible to see from one end of the City almost to the other, and to stand on the site of Cheapside and look upon the Thames. Just thirty houses remained in Fleet Street, the north side of which was burnt as far as Fetter

Lane. The author gives the *coup de grâce* to the tag that "The Fire of London began in Pudding Lane and ended at Pie Corner."

The majority of the panic-struck citizens rushed through the gates into Moorfields and Finsbury, and there encamped. Mr. Bell thus etches the scene:

Behind them London Wall stood up, bare and unencumbered by houses, lit by the universal glare. Over its level line flames leapt high into the sky, and the dense smoke that rose, illuminated by sparks, and drifted away, gave the illusion from a distance that the entire City was on fire. All separate sounds were merged into a sullen, consistent roar, like the wash of a tremendous tide. Frequent explosions and the crash of falling walls made the effect still more impressive.

How was the disaster caused? The answer to this question is not difficult to find. The newest buildings in London were Elizabethan: the houses were chiefly constructed of wood, and the upper storeys were almost within arms' length. The means for the extinction of fires were primitive and ineffectual. At the outset of the fire, the blaze put out of action the water-wheels at London Bridge. A strong east-north-east wind continuously blew from the "fatal" Sunday night until late on the following Tuesday, and carried burning fragments in advance of the flame. The succeeding calm on Tuesday night saved the remainder of London, with the Temple Church, Westminster Abbey and Whitehall Palace. There is no reason to cavil at the conclusion of the King's Councillors that the cause of the fire was "the hand of God . . . a great wind, and the season so very dry."

Suspicion ran riot. Incendiaries were believed to have plotted the demolition of London; and reprisals were instituted by the ignorant populace. Human nature in bulk changes but little; and at times of panic the mob is apt to be "a ass—a idiot." The evidence of a conspiracy was contemptible. But a poor crazy Frenchman, Robert Hubert, "confessed" to have fired the town. He was hanged, though the testimony against him was not worth a "tinker's curse." A lighter touch is supplied by the sulphurous figure of an apothecary's boy, aged ten, named Edward Taylor. The rococo imagination of this sprightly child—"this little liar," as Mr. Bell unflatteringly calls him—inspired the statement that he, his uncle, and his father Jo hurled about balls of brimstone and gunpowder, that they continued their horrid deeds for several nights and days, and so brought about the combustion of London! We are not told the after-history of Teddy, save that his lurid romance was disbelieved; but it is to be hoped that he ultimately followed a better path to fame, and the hand of his master's daughter.

Mr. Bell gives interesting details of the plans of Evelyn, Wren, and Robert Hooke for remodelling the city; but house-building virtually ousted town-planning. Four types of houses were constructed; and of each examples remain. With the exception of Wren's inestimable work upon the churches (which are, or should be, the pride and glory of the City), his share of the re-edification of London, in the author's opinion, was comparatively slight.

The subject of this book is catastrophic. Away from the glare of the flaming city, so vividly limned, most of the story is in shadow. But in every chapter sidelights are cleverly thrown upon the habits and daily lives of the rather unpractical citizens. The conduct of Charles II. shone in the mirk of nerveless incompetence. As the author says, "The hour had brought out the man." James, too, rose to the occasion. The Chief Magistrate of the City failed in the emergency, but it is suggested that he was less to blame than has been inferred.

Mr. Bell's admirable volume contains many striking illustrations, together with informative notes and appendices, a useful bibliography, and a full index.

E. G. C.

## SOME AMERICAN POETS

THE DANIEL JAZZ; AND OTHER POEMS. By Vachel Lindsay.

(Bell. 4s. 6d. net.)

ADVICE; AND OTHER POEMS. By Maxwell Bodenheim. (New York, Knopf. \$1.25.)

CAN GRANDE'S CASTLE. By Amy Lowell. (Oxford, Blackwell. 6s. net.)

MR. LINDSAY is a poet who "comes off" very, very occasionally. Of all the poems of his which we have so far seen, only three—"General Booth enters Heaven," "The Congo" and "The Daniel Jazz"—seem to us to have in any way succeeded. He has tried to find a poetical equivalent for the popular song—something with a good volume of sound, simple sentiments and noise as a substitute for the horrors of thought. In the three poems we have mentioned Mr. Lindsay has succeeded admirably in catching the simple, exciting quality of a good rag-time tune played by a vigorous nigger band.

Fat black bucks in a wine-barrel room,  
Barrel-house kings, with feet unstable,  
Sagged and reeled and pounded on the table,  
Pounded on the table with the handle of a broom,  
Hard as they were able,  
Boom, boom, boom,  
With a silk umbrella and the handle of a broom.

This is stimulating stuff that makes you want to hunch your shoulders from side to side in rhythm with the rag-time. Mr. Lindsay's weakness is that he lets himself go too much, too loosely. He is ready to go on repeating indefinitely well-known rag-time rhythms; he trusts to the mere volume of noise, not to an intelligently worked-out melody, to bring success. The other two long jazzes contained in this volume, "Bryan" and "The Golden Whales of California," fail because of their looseness and mere noisiness.

But Mr. Lindsay's worst failures occur when he is trying to produce the equivalent of the popular song of sentiment or piety. In these he shows himself sadly content with the language of the hymn-book and the vague insipid diction called poetic. When we read of the shade of Abraham Lincoln that

The sins of all the war-lords burn his heart,  
He sees the Dreadnoughts scouring every main,  
He carries on his shawl-wrapped shoulders now  
The bitterness, the folly and the pain,

we close the book. We have had enough.

If Mr. Lindsay is too easily content with the traditional diction, Mr. Bodenheim errs in the other direction: he uses words in a cryptic, esoteric fashion, attaching to them meanings of his own, as though they were his private property and not the common possession of the race. Thus, he calls Broadway an

artificial valley  
Made by gaudy evasions.

One has the impression, too, that he is embarrassed by the richness and strangeness of his vocabulary. There is a kind of tortured Euphuism about such phrases as this:

Through the turbulent servility  
Of a churlish city street  
He strides opaquely.

And here we have Euphuism mingled with a post-Marlowesque fustian:

Sunlight is clinging, yellow spit  
Raining down upon your faces.  
You are the living cuspidors of day.

How Tamburlane would have enjoyed calling his captive kings "living cuspidors"—and using them as such!

Miss Lowell is a literary woman—one of the most literary women on record. "Can Grande's Castle" is a learned, cultured, carefully concocted book, the product of an efficient and well-stored mind. One reads it with a mild enjoyment, but never for a moment with that excitement with which a great piece of poetry has power

to infect the mind. Miss Lowell's historical reconstructions are composed according to familiar recipes. There is a good dash of Carlyle in the study of Nelson and Lady Hamilton, with which the volume opens. In the story of the bronze horses of St. Mark's we recognize the descriptive tradition of the French novel of Greece and Rome, and in the second half of the poem, which deals with Venice in its last decay, we catch strains of Gautier's exquisite "Carnaval de Venise" mingled with the pretty reflectiveness of Philippe Monnier's "Venice in the Eighteenth Century." Her *ritournelle*, in the first piece, of glowing Vesuvius and the ever-streaming Nile is a simple variation on Matthew Arnold's *Oxus* in "Sohrab and Rustum." It is all, certainly, pleasant enough; but we are all the time aware that we have read this sort of thing before.

Miss Lowell's "polyphonic prose" is a flexible medium. It allows her to pass at will from plain, straightforward prose to highly rhymed rhythmical verse—sometimes quite Gilbertian in movement. "They jabber over cheese, they chatter over wine, they gabble at the corners in the bright sunshine. And piercing through the noise is the beggar wine, always, like an undertone, the beggar wine." The tune of "I polished up the handle so carefully" rises irresistibly to the surface of one's mind. Polyphonic prose is a form very suitable for use in long semi-narrative pieces of this kind, where the emotion is always changing in intensity and the character of the thought is never the same.

A. L. H.

## THE BLOOD OF THE GRAPE

THE BLOOD OF THE GRAPE: THE WINE TRADE TEXT-BOOK. By André L. Simon. (Constable. 10s. 6d. net.)

RATHER less than a year ago (ATHENÆUM, November 21, 1919) we reviewed Mr. Simon's *concio ad vulgus*, as it may be called without the least breach of propriety or politeness—a book on "Wine and Spirits," and other beverages even down to mineral waters, intended for those who drink and, that they may drink, buy. His present volume is a *concio ad clerum* addressed (literally addressed, for it is based on lectures given at the Wine Trade Club) to those who dispense the drink. At least to dispensers of part of it, for the treatise disdains to go below that mystery of the vintner proper which excited Omar's admiration. Even brandy is only glanced at here: it is "Wine, wine!" though not only "red wine," all through.

There is one point in the book which might extort admiration not merely from a hardened sinner like the Persian poet, but from a very saint of Temperance, if only he be an honest saint. And that is Mr. Simon's earnest, reiterated and quite evidently sincere exhortations to vintners, actual and prospective, to be true and just in all their dealings. There may have been times—there certainly were if we can trust, for instance, Fielding's attacks on the makers and sellers of "wind"—when these exhortations were as much required as now: there probably can have been few in which they were more necessary. Mr. Simon himself gives a little information as to the flood of nondescript rubbish which is now on the market under the name of wine. Not a few newspapers have cautioned the public against it; and the present writer, having ventured, in the pure interests of science, on one or two samplings of what seemed to him likely to be "faked," can bear witness that it was arch-faked. One was a really wonderful conglomerate of false flavours when opened, and an appalling mess of mingled sickness and sourness when it had been designedly left in a receptacle, not open, but half full.

If Mr. Simon's flock attend to his counsels there is no danger of their customers having such an experience as this; and the customers themselves, if they take a really intelligent interest in what they drink, will find this book, though of course more technical than the other, a worthy supplement to that. There is a little viticulture, a little chemistry, a reasoned catalogue of the wines (chiefly but not only French) which it is worth a wine-merchant's while to keep, and detailed information on the chief practical mysteries of the trade—choosing, blending, racking, keeping casks in healthy order, etc. There was a time, of course—readers of our literature from Pepys onwards know it—when private owners did these things, or had them done for them, in their own cellars; but this must very, very seldom be the case now; and the fact enlarges the sphere of that necessity of confidence in the merchant on which Mr. Simon so properly insists. Suspicious people may indeed prickle up uneasy ears at the importance given to "blending," but even they should be reassured by two excellent sentences at the end of the chapter relating to it: "Resort to blending wines as little as possible," and "Blending is really the shipper's business, not the importer's."

The most interesting part of the book to the general reader will naturally be the second half, which surveys the "Wines of the World"—as has been said, especially, but not only, those of France. There is a very good and informing section on Sherry, and one not quite so full in detail, but useful, on Port. As in his other book, Mr. Simon shows (and no shame to him) his particular affection for Burgundy; but the Gironde and the Marne have no reason to grudge the Côte d'Or its place, and there is a good deal of information about the wines of other districts. The present writer wishes that as he does mention *vin d'Arbois* he had given some particulars of it, for it is to that writer the "Mrs. Harris" of wines—often read about, but never met with. And he also wishes that Mr. Simon had not summarily and generally dissuaded his hearers from importing still red Champagne, a liquor equally palatable and wholesome, good to drink and good to keep. There might also have been a little more about Spanish wines other than Sherry, for warning as well as for recommendation.

Only on one point, perhaps, Mr. Simon may seem just a little—we will not say unreasonable, but martinettish; and that is the strong and copious denunciation of the application of names like "Burgundy," "Champagne," and even "Claret" (which is not a place-name at all) to wines of other provinces and other countries. The present writer holds no sort of brief for "Australian Burgundy" (which as a matter of fact he does not like) or for "Swiss Champagne" (which he has never drunk, and is not anxious to drink). But there surely can be no "deception" in such names to any but a congenital idiot. Even modern education cannot have completely obliterated the knowledge that Burgundy is not in Australia, and that Champagne is not in Switzerland. On the other hand, the combined tickets, while quite honestly confessing the geographical fact, give the plain man a possibly not unnecessary or useless notice that the one wine is an attempt to make something more like Burgundy than any other wine, and that the second is an avowed copy of Champagne. However, the punctilio of a craft is always a thing to be respected, even if one thinks it a little overstrained; and Mr. Simon's contention may be taken as dictated by that ethical strictness which we have already commended. Such strictness is specially welcome when united with devotion to what is really not a mere trade, not even a mere craft, but something going near to an art in practice and giving abundant opportunities to its practitioners and their clients of pure æsthetic enjoyment.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

## THE PROBLEM OF THE NEGRO

CHILDREN OF THE SLAVES. By Stephen Graham. (Macmillan. 12s. net.)

MOST people in Europe are quite unaware of the fact that some of their most incidental and apparently insignificant actions are now attracting a world-wide attention. They regard their family quarrels as being of undoubted importance; Englishmen shake their heads over the nasty, revengeful temper of their French brothers; they unite with the French to deplore the rough manners of the Germans, the Bill Sikes of the family, and every now and then, attaching no importance to it, they casually kick one of the servants out of the way. If they were told that these little bursts of impatience may ultimately prove more dangerous to them even than the dissensions within the family, they would probably be haughtily incredulous. But it is a fact that every kick and cuff is faithfully reported to the other servants, that indignation meetings are held below stairs, and that there is a steadily increasing resentment.

The "coloured" peoples of the world are growing race-conscious. The fact that in this book, as elsewhere, Mr. Graham's observations are more valuable than his reflections, does not detract from its simple, unescapable effect. He shows clearly that the present state of affairs amongst the negro population is due to the remarkably ambiguous policy pursued by the United States. On the one hand we have a policy of ostracism, of subjugation, of occasional incredible brutality, and on the other a policy whereby all the resources of American culture are made accessible to the negro. Confronting the negro stands White America, under one arm the knout and under the other the complete works of Emerson. The result is to breed in the negro a spirit of hatred and revenge for his wrongs, and also to enable him to make these wrongs articulate, to publish them abroad and to organize and plot for his triumph. It is a magnificent illustration of the "middle path," and is well calculated to ensure the usual Laodicean fate. This double policy is due, not only to the political wisdom inherited from an English ancestry, but even more to the fact that the Northern and Southern States of America are still radically distinct. Mr. Graham tells us that he has heard Northerners speak of the Southerners who lynch negroes in a way that made his blood run cold. We can well believe it; we imagine that every civilized man would speak of those Southerners in the same way. In order to present the negro problem adequately we may give one of Mr. Graham's instances of the lynchings for which Georgia is distinguished above all other States in the Union. A negro named Johnson murdered a farmer who had flogged him. A crowd of whites hunted Johnson, determined to lynch him. Not being able to find him immediately, they lynched eleven other negroes, and the wife of one of these protested that her husband was innocent.

The mob therefore seized her. They tied her upside down by her ankles to a tree, poured petrol on her clothing, and burned her to death. White American women will perhaps take note that this coloured sister of theirs was in her eighth month with child. The mob around her was not angry or insensate, but hysterical with brutal pleasure. The clothes burned off her body. Her child, prematurely born, was kicked to and fro by the mob, and then. . . . Well, that is perhaps sufficient.

The people who do this are not punished. They allow themselves to be photographed at the time. One such photograph forms the sole illustration to this volume. It must be remembered also that the State of Georgia, which lynches twice as many negroes as any other State, is a great supporter of President Wilson and the League of Nations. It is the double policy again. And those who think that America only is guilty are advised to consult the later chapters of Mr. Graham's book.

## A BATCH OF FIVE

LADY LILITH. By Stephen McKenna. (Hutchinson. 8s. 6d. net.)  
 THE ADVENTUROUS LADY. By J. C. Snaith. (Collins. 9s. net.)  
 THE WIDOW'S CRUSE. By Hamilton Fyfe. (Parsons. 7s. 6d. net.)  
 INISHEENY. By George Birmingham. (Methuen. 8s. 6d. net.)  
 THE PEOPLE OF THE RUINS. By Edward Shanks. (Collins. 9s. net.)

IN stating that "Lady Lilith" is only Part I. of a trilogy which has for covering title "The Sensationalists," Mr. McKenna passes a vote of confidence in his powers as entertainer which we should be sorry to have to second. He is doubtless perfectly right in believing there is a public ready to lap up Part II. and Part III., but it is not the kind of fact we are proud to acknowledge. For Mr. McKenna has chosen to cater for those persons who have an insatiable appetite for the spicy crumbs that fall from the rich man's table—whose supreme happiness it would be, not to have to wait until the feast is over, but to be under the table or behind the door, all the time. Oh, to know more details! To have a fuller, completer account of what goes on when the press is excluded and the Court is not sitting! To hear what they were saying when that photograph was taken! Oh, to be told by one who really knows . . . And here is the cue for Mr. McKenna; here is where he steps in with such a feast of old champagne corks, soiled gloves, ends of "goodish cork-tipped Turkish Régies" and the like that, even without Lady Barbara Neave, daughter of Lord Crawleigh, "little Barbara," "Babs darling" to her friends, "the haggard Venus" to other friends and Lady Lilith to Val Arden, the table groans. But she is, after all, the occasion of the feast, the dish of the evening. Take any famous young Society beauty, daughter of one of the "great" families, who at the age of seventeen or thereabouts has been everywhere, met everybody, read everything; who can sing, dance, play better than any professional; give her that fatal charm which knocks the stoutest of us off our legs; let her be so thin, hollow, white-cheeked, ring-eyed that we "would not be surprised to hear she was consumptive"; let her be so wild, so untamed, so reckless that no man or woman can hold her; dip her in and out of poker-parties, scandals, coroners' courts, heavily scented mysterious tea parties—and you have Lady Lilith. She is the Social Paragraph blown into two hundred and ninety-four pages.

If Mr. McKenna's novel were witty, amusing, an aspect of the Human Comedy, or just nonsense—or even melodrama—we should not protest. But to butcher his gifts to make a Snobs' Banquet is surely a very lamentable pastime. It would be interesting to know whether he has—a dozen, say—readers of his own sex.

With Mr. J. C. Snaith we continue to dwell in marble halls. His "Adventurous Lady" is the daughter of a Marquis who changes places in the train with a poor little mouse of a governess. So that the governess goes to the Great House as Lady Elfreda, and the other goes to The Laurels as Miss Girlie Cass. Of course they were the same height, the same size; of course nobody at the Great House had ever met the Marquis's daughter, and being for the most part newly-rich (and insufferably stupid), they had no familiar standard by which to judge Girlie. And she had Pikey, Lady Elfreda's maid, a griffin of a female, who nevertheless was determined not to let the honour of the family suffer. The adventures are very little adventures and dreadfully dull. How poor Girlie was forced by Pikey to take off her woolly combinations and to submit to having her toe-nails cut before putting on the ravishing clothes of the other, does not, we confess, move us deeply. How the governess superbly "squashed" her employers and won the heart

of their guest, the General, does not surprise us. We knew it was bound to come; we knew Lord Duckingfield with his £60,000 a year was bound to marry the governess. We wished very much that Mr. Snaith had not bothered to tell us, especially when we remembered other and very different books of his.

Why is it that a spiritualist séance is—always the same séance? There are the same questions, the same medium, the same little awkwardness about the fee.

The table gave no answer, but swayed a little, suggesting uneasiness and indecision.

"Repeat," said Lewis in a low voice, and Florence asked her question again. The result was the same.

"The spirit," announced the medium, "wishes to make some statement. Call out the letters of the alphabet, please."

"A-B-C-D . . ." began Lewis, and went on until he got to "S," the table rapping after each letter.

We have read this kind of thing so often that it produces no impression at all. And yet Mr. Hamilton Fyfe in "The Widow's Cruse" leads us to this scene as though the very heart of the joke were hidden in it. The truth is that by summoning the spirit of Everard he has caused his never-too-substantial novel to vanish into the vague. The idea which might have filled a story was never big enough for a novel; it had to be stretched very thin indeed to be made to cover such an expanse; it is many a time and oft at breaking-point before the final catastrophe. Florence, fluffy little tame cat of a woman, had never loved or understood Everard. When he died she was only too willing to marry Lewis Dane. But Dane discovered some manuscripts of his dead friend which, when published, raised such a flame of interest that Florence preferred to shine and to warm herself in the rosy reflected glow as "the well-known widow" rather than to re-marry. More, she reconstructed her late married life and posed as her husband's inspiration. Another woman disputes her claim, but Florence triumphs. Those little women always do—in their own little way—but it is hardly enough to make a book about.

Time is killed very softly, very mildly, by Mr. Birmingham. There is scarce enough of the sweet poison in "Inisheeny" to render him unconscious, even. He nods while Mr. Birmingham's hero explains how he was in the orchard teaching his nephew Tommy to spray the pear trees with soap and water—but the old fellow needs a more potent charm to carry him past the nodding stage. Mr. Birmingham is famous, and rightly so, for his unfailing sense of humour. But his humour lacks temperature; it stands too often at normal. "Inisheeny" would be a pleasant, nicely-rounded tale of an island off the coast of Ireland and a charming elderly parson and a professor and a boat and a girl and a boy—if only it were a little less mild. We are asked to take too much for granted. Now the professor might have been well worth listening to, and the parson might have been a whimsical semi-philosopher—but they don't talk. Instead of a long delectable conversation while they rock in the boat together, we are given an account of how Tommy and the girl ate biscuits and golden syrup. This episode should have provided a passing chuckle, to be followed by: "True," said the professor, "but according to Salmacius. . . ." They order these things better in Anatole France.

The time could not be riper for Mr. Shanks' novel of the English Revolution—and after. But is not "after"—the year of our Lord 2074—a trifle too far ahead? But having accepted the fact that Jeremy Tuft has remained in a state of suspended animation for so long, we do expect Mr. Shanks to do something better with him than to let him fall in love. A book of this kind is easy and delightful to plan, but extremely difficult to write. If Mr. Shanks had tapped a rich vein of invention and described existence as a thousand times more difficult, he

would have set himself an easier task than this attempt to conjure up an England in which the railways are ceasing to run, and the window-panes have turned green again, and the huge and crudely spiced dishes are passed round the table. At England's head is the Speaker, an ancient who aspires to manufacture guns, and Mr. Shanks gets a little fun out of the idea. But it is the Speaker's daughter, and she has grown so dear—so dear to Jeremy Tuft, who cheats us of further adventures, and smooths the author's part for him. Love never changes. And yet—why is it that in all romances of this kind the females should be so formidable? One thinks of the Lady Eva, for instance, in her gown "straight from neck to hem," as at least nine foot high. And though she is a noble, selfless, loyal creature, strong as a lion and gentle as a lamb—what a terrifying bedfellow!

K. M.

## MARGINALIA

THE hazards of indiscriminate rummaging in book-shops have introduced me to two volumes of verse which seem to me (though I am ordinarily very sceptical of those grandiose generalizations about racial and national characteristics, so beloved of a certain class of literary people) to illustrate very clearly some of the differences between the French and English mind. The first is a little book published some few months back and entitled "Les Baisers" . . . The publisher says of it in one of those exquisitely literary puffs which are the glory of the Paris book trade: "Un volume de vers? Non pas! Simplement des baisers mis en vers, des baisers variés comme l'heure qui passe, inconstants comme l'Amour lui-même . . . Baisers, baisers, c'est toute leur troublante musique qui chante dans ces rimes." The other volume hails from the antipodes and is called "Songs of Love and Life." No publisher's puff accompanies it; but a coloured picture on the dust-wrapper represents a nymph frantically clutching at a coy shepherd. A portrait of the authoress serves as a frontispiece. Both books are erotic in character, and both are very indifferent in poetical quality. They are only interesting as illustrations, the more vivid because of their very second-rateness, of the two characteristic methods of approach, French and English, to the theme of physical passion.

The author of "Les Baisers" approaches his amorous experiences with the detached manner of a psychologist interested in the mental reactions of certain corporeal pleasures whose mechanism he has previously studied in his capacity of physiological observer. His attitude is the same as that of the writers of those comedies of manners which hold the stage in the theatres of the boulevards. It is dry, precise, matter-of-fact and almost scientific. The comedian of the boulevards does not concern himself with trying to find some sort of metaphysical justification for the raptures of physical passion, nor is he in any way a propagandist of sensuality. He is simply an analyst of facts, whose business it is to get all the wit that is possible out of an equivocal situation. Similarly, the author of these poems is far too highly sophisticated to imagine that

every spirit as it is most pure,  
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,  
So it the fairer body doth procure  
To habit in, and it more fairly dight  
With cheerful grace and amiable sight.  
For of the soul the body form doth take;  
For soul is form and doth the body make.

He does not try to make us believe that physical pleasures have a divine justification. Neither has he any wish to "make us grovel, hand and foot in Belial's gripe." He is merely engaged in remembering "des heures et des entretiens" which were extremely pleasant—hours which

strike for everyone, conversations and meetings which are taking place in all parts of the world and at every moment.

\* \* \* \*

This attitude towards *volupté* is sufficiently old in France to have made possible the evolution of a very precise and definite vocabulary in which to describe its phenomena. This language is as exact as the technical jargon of a trade, and as elegant as the Latin of Petronius. It is a language of which we have no equivalent in our English literature. It is impossible in English to describe *volupté* elegantly; it is hardly possible to write of it without being gross. To begin with, we do not even possess a word equivalent to *volupté*. "Voluptuousness" is feeble and almost meaningless; "pleasure" is hopelessly inadequate. From the first the English writer is at a loss; he cannot even name precisely the thing he proposes to describe and analyse. But for the most part he has not much use for such a language. His approach to the subject is not dispassionate and scientific, and he has no need for technicalities. The English amorist is inclined to approach the subject rapturously, passionately, philosophically—almost in any way that is not the wittily matter-of-fact French way.

\* \* \* \*

In our rich Australian "Songs of Love and Life" we see the rapturous-philosophic approach reduced to something that is very nearly the absurd. Overcome with the intensities of connubial bliss, the authoress feels it necessary to find a sort of justification for them by relating them in some way with the cosmos. God, we are told,

looking through His hills on you and me,  
Feeds Heaven upon the flame of our desire.

Or again:

Our passions breathe their own wild harmony,  
And pour out music at a clinging kiss.  
Sing on, O Soul, our lyric of desire,  
For God Himself is in the melody.

Meanwhile the author of "Les Baisers," always elegantly *terre-à-terre*, formulates his more concrete desires in an Alexandrine worthy of Racine:

Viens. Je veux dégrader moi-même ton corsage.

\* \* \* \*

The desire to involve the cosmos in our emotions is by no means confined to the poetess of "Songs of Love and Life." In certain cases we are all apt to invoke the universe in an attempt to explain and account for emotions whose intensity seems almost inexplicable. This is particularly true of the emotions aroused in us by the contemplation of beauty. Why we should feel so strongly when confronted with certain forms and colours, certain sounds, certain verbal suggestions of form and harmony—why the thing which we call beauty should move us at all—is a problem which is still far from being solved. In order to explain the phenomenon, poets have involved the universe in the matter, asserting that they are moved by the contemplation of physical beauty because it is the symbol of the divine. The intensities of physical passion have presented the same problem. Ashamed of admitting that such feelings can have a purely sublunary cause, we affirm, like the Australian poetess, that "God Himself is in the melody." That, we argue, can be the only explanation for the violence of the emotion. This view of the matter is particularly common in a country with fundamentally puritanic traditions like England, where the dry, matter-of-fact attitude of the French seems almost shocking. The puritan feels bound to justify the facts of beauty and *volupté*. They must be in some way made moral before he can accept them. The French un-puritanic mind accepts the facts as they are tendered to it by experience, at their face value.

AUTOLYCUS.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE

THE HOUSEHOLD ACCOUNT BOOK OF SARAH FELL OF SWARTHMOOR HALL. Edited by Norman Penney. (Cambridge University Press. 42s. net.)—Swarthmoor Hall is famous as the home of George Fox, who married in 1669 Margaret, the widow of Judge Fell, the owner of the Hall, who died in 1658. This detailed book of accounts, covering 1673-78, was kept by her daughter Sarah. Though its appeal to members of the Society of Friends is intimate, the record, ably edited with careful notes, gives scattered but valuable information to the social historian concerning the patriarchal and isolated life in the dales of Cumberland towards the end of the seventeenth century. The wages seem, to our modern sense, appallingly low, and the domestic justice of Margaret Fell, who ruled the house, somewhat of the cast-iron kind. We cannot help pitying the unfortunate Ann Standish, whose wage for the year was £1 17s. 6d., from which her mistress deducted 8s. for a silver spoon lost and 6d. for a pot broken. They were hard, stern times for the underdog even in a religious family.

ABOUT MANY THINGS. By Grace Rhys. (Methuen. 6s. net.)—These essays are "attempts at expressing thought and the emotion of thought." They are occasionally graceful; that is to say, they show a certain delicate perception of beauty and significance in little things, sometimes successfully and sometimes unsuccessfully rendered. The "emotion of thought" is uniformly better than the thought. Miss Rhys is illuminating, for instance, when she asks: "Does everyone know that the air about a yellow flower is dyed yellow, that the yellow beams shoot upwards?" That is delicate and true observation. On the other hand, she tells us very little when she says: "Creation is by no means ended. Everywhere in our eyes the forming of the formless is going on." But upon the "Number Six" in nature, on "Larkspurs," "The Foot of the Wind," and cognate subjects she says individual and witty things. Her evocation of the minute beauty which resides in nature is deft and graceful. "The fish's back," she says, for example, "the shell, even the rocks sometimes, carry the wind and water pattern most beautifully printed upon them"—an observation which delights one as much by its simplicity as by its subtlety. The majority of these essays are inspired by natural objects, and if the reflections are occasionally sentimental, the description is almost always fresh and true.

KOSCIUSZKO. By Monica Gardner. (Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)—This pleasant little biography comes at an opportune moment, and those who enjoy parallel-hunting will find their reward in Miss Gardner's pages. Kosciuszko's heroic defence of Warsaw recalls events of quite recent history, with allowance made, of course, for the altered conditions of warfare. The pity of it is that he was a Lithuanian and proud to be one, whereas Poles and Lithuanians are now at internecine enmity. Anyhow, Kosciuszko's is a figure that must appeal to all time, and Tom Campbell was right when he exclaimed that Freedom shrieked when he fell, or, in plain fact, was taken prisoner by the Russians. Miss Gardner leaves him to explain himself, and her readers will have little difficulty in discovering that the modest country squire developed into a soldier with an extraordinary skill in fortifying positions, and into a politician whose purity of will brought nobles and peasants together into a common cause. The diplomats of Europe, notably the Austrians, were too subtle for him, but then, as the proverb went, *l'Autriche triche toujours*, and in the end Metternich was one too many even for Napoleon. Kosciuszko's phrases, though of common coinage, ring true. In his exile he wrote to Ségur: "Albeit we, the devoted soldiers of that country [Poland], are mortal, Poland is immortal."

EASY LESSONS IN EINSTEIN. By Edwin E. Slosson. (Routledge. 5s. net.)—The ordinary man has long been a mystery to us. We have been compelled to deduce his attributes from the information supplied by experts—those who know what the public wants. We have studied his ideas of literature as revealed by the circulating libraries, of politics as revealed by the newspapers, of music as revealed by restaurant bands, and now Dr. Slosson shows us the ordinary man's conception of science. We gather that sustained reasoning plays no part in it; reasoning, in fact, is to be made up into little pills, of which not more than three are to be taken daily. In the meantime, the patient's attention is distracted from his internal gripings by bright and amusing anecdotes. When his fears have been dissipated in this way, and he has been got to think that Einstein's theory is, after all, very like a music-hall entertainment, another pill is quickly popped into him, and immediately a new comedian bounces on, funnier than ever. Whether this sort of thing enables him to understand science, any more than the Humpty-Dumpty Cake Walk enables him to understand music, we cannot say. Even if he swallows all Dr. Slosson's pills he cannot be said to have gone through the whole Einstein cure. There are several bottles left over, containing dreadful things. But even though Dr. Slosson's worst pills are relatively innocuous, they are not quack pills. He is to be congratulated on the enthusiasm he has brought to what must have been a difficult and fatiguing performance.

MODERN ULSTER. By H. S. Morrison, M.D. (Allenson. 7s. 6d. net.)—"The Ulster Scot is a Scotchman improved by three hundred years' residence in Ulster." We hoped something from this book after reading this opening sentence, but that appears to have exhausted the author's resources of wit and inspiration. There are, indeed, as the title-page announces, brief accounts of customs, politics and industries in Ulster, but of its character the most persevering seeker will gather little save that it is dour and firmly moulded, which he presumably knew before. We recognize, however, that of the author very clearly. Dr. Morrison belongs to that stout old Presbyterian tradition, shrewd, kindly, courageous, endowed with many virtues, but not that of eloquence of tongue or pen. The last thing he should have attempted was to write a book, and, despite the blandishments of the editor of the *Irish Presbyterian* in the Introduction, we cannot pretend to have found it interesting.

There is material in the Ulsterman for the writer of genius, but the writer of genius does not appear. Mr. St. John Ervine is perhaps the nearest approach—is at least a writer of considerable talent—but his curious prejudice against men who earn their bread in the most natural way, living on and working the soil they own, rules him out of court as a representative of Ulster. The well-known North-East corner is, but for its energy, the least interesting part of the Province. The Ulsterman of the outer counties, the man of the country-side, is worthy of a better eulogist than he has yet found.

EX-KING CONSTANTINE AND THE WAR. By Major G. M. Mélas. (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d. net.)—Major Mélas was private secretary to Constantine till his Venetian sympathies forced him to leave the Court. His book is a collection of rather thin stories to illustrate the ex-king's incapacity for keeping secrets, his rancour, credulity, animosity, and violence. The anecdotes are not very interesting; they are loosely connected, and the reflections and criticisms are trite. Like everyone else, Major Mélas is not satisfied with the Peace Treaties. He feels that Germany and her allies have not been chastised sufficiently, the mistake being, it appears, to cease fire before the Treaties were signed. Ex-King Constantine is not a bright subject, and the book is not a bright book.

## NOVELS IN BRIEF

FOR a sixtieth novel "Uncle Jeremy" (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d. net) is an achievement of which Mr. G. B. Burgin may reasonably be proud. To brightness and facility it adds some pretty touches of imagination. A Romeo smarting from the scorn of a London Rosaline seeks distraction across the Atlantic, and there finds his Juliet in a beautiful and highly-educated damsel of pure Indian descent. To test his fidelity, she persuades her parents—as civilized as herself—to masquerade in most realistic and unæsthetic fashion as savages. The humorous situations which ensue are powerless to shake the young man's deeply-rooted attachment, and all ends happily.

In "The Breathless Moment" (Lane, 8s. 6d. net) Miss Muriel Hine is perhaps at her best. The title, though explicitly referring to one definite point in the action—a war wedding in which the ceremony is for cogent reasons omitted—applies so far to the whole that there are no dull passages. The heroine, a lady housekeeper who falls in love with her employer's nephew, not knowing him to be already married, has an attractive personality; and we follow with interest her adventures, which are sometimes diverting and sometimes tragic. For though the superfluous wife at last removes herself, complications have in the meantime arisen which cannot be wholly smoothed away.

The Countess Barcynska has, we understand, a considerable circle of readers, but her gifts do not seem to be adapted to that most difficult form of fiction, the short story. In "Love's Last Reward" (Hurst & Blackett, 8s. 6d. net), a collection of twenty-five tales, we find many dramatic situations, but our interest in them is much impaired by their glaring improbability. As we might expect from the author's record, love and jealousy supply the bulk of her themes.

Like another novel reviewed not long since in this column, "The Luck of the Gold Moidore," by Donald Maclean (Allenson, 7s. 6d. net), has for its subject the supposed discovery of Australia by Europeans four centuries, or thereabouts, ago. There are, however, two essential points of difference. In the first place the narrator is here, not a contemporary of our own, but a merchant adventurer in the reign of Charles the First. The language of that period has certainly, as the supposed editor warns us, undergone considerable modification in the version here produced; yet that mysterious quality, atmosphere, has been to some extent achieved, and the story neither bores nor jars us. The absence of a love-interest is the second differentiating factor, which may be considered advantageous or otherwise, according to the reader's point of view.

Mrs. or Miss Lucille van Slyke would seem to be a devotee of American idealism in its most fantastic form. "Little Miss By-the-Day" (Nisbet, 7s. net) is the story of a girl brought up under a system admirably adapted for the manufacture of imbeciles, and developing in effect something of that character, but diversifying it after an unbelievable manner with flashes of the angel, and even of the genius. Perhaps the strangest detail of all is her passing current to the world and to herself as an old woman at twenty-seven, simply because she is wearing the clothes of a deceased ancestress. Yet there is undeniably a certain wayward charm about this little lady, her environment and antecedents—which on one side are French, and of a very exalted order socially.

"The Man with Three Names," by Harold MacGrath (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d. net), starts with a good romantic opening; an offer of marriage from a steerage passenger to the daughter of a millionaire who is travelling first-class on the same ship from England to America. The young lady's father imposes upon her suitor this condition: that he must make a reputation in that very town which is the scene of his own business activities. He finds himself taken more seriously than he intended by his prospective son-in-law, who proceeds to run a local paper with the express object of exposing his shortcomings as an employer of labour. In his editorial capacity this many-sided young man is known by one pseudonym. Under a second he writes popular novels remarkable for their moral uplift. Over his third and real name hangs a mystery which does not excite us so much as the publishers seem to anticipate. On the whole, however, his performances are mildly entertaining.

## A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

THE "Private Correspondence of David Hume with several Distinguished Persons between the Years 1761 and 1776" was published during 1820, and reviewed in the *Literary Gazette* dated August 12. The most interesting letters portray some of the oddities, as well as the simplicity of character, of the author of "Emile." On February 16, 1766 (prior to the quarrel), Hume writes:

... he [Rousseau] is mild, gentle, modest, affectionate, disinterested; and, above all, endowed with a sensibility of heart in a supreme degree... His dog... has great influence with him;... I prevailed on [Rousseau] to go to the play-house... Mrs. Garrick gave him her box... and their Majesties were privately informed, that they might there expect to see M. Rousseau. When the hour came he... would not go: for—what shall I do with Sultan?

Sultan was locked up; but when he howled, Rousseau "turned back, and said that he had not resolution to leave him in that condition."

The historian caught Jean-Jacques in his arms, and told him that Mrs. Garrick had dismissed another company in order to make room; that the King and Queen were expecting to see Rousseau; and that without a better reason than Sultan's impatience, it would be ridiculous to disappoint them. "Partly by these means and partly by force," says Hume, "I engaged him to proceed. The King and Queen looked more at him than at the play."

Another letter from Hume, dated January 19, 1766, contains the following passage:

... his gouvernante... forms the chief incumbrance to his settlement... He himself owns her to be so dull that she never knows in what year... she is, nor in what month... nor in what day of the month or week; and that she can never learn the different value of the pieces of money in any country. Yet she governs him as absolutely as a nurse does a child. In her absence his dog has acquired that ascendant. His affection for that creature is beyond all expression or conception.

As Henri Beyle has of late been to the fore in the pages of THE ATHENÆUM, it may be mentioned that the *Edinburgh Review* for May, 1820, contains a notice of the English translation (1817) of Beyle's "Lettres écrites de Vienne... sur... Haydn, suivies d'une Vie de Mozart, et Considérations sur Metastase," which were published under the pseudonym of "Louis-Alexandre-César Bombet."

A work which attracted attention during 1820 was "An Essay on the Evils of Popular Ignorance," by John Foster, one of the regular contributors to the *Eclectic Review*. This production was the outcome of a good deal of original thought, and possessed undoubted merit. An article on education, of which the title of Foster's essay serves as the text, fills two score pages of the *Edinburgh Review* for August, 1820; and the *Eclectic Review* for October devotes a large amount of space to Foster's book.

On September 23 and 24, 1820, Charles Lamb's verses addressed to Canning, and entitled "The Unbeloved," appeared in *The Champion*, of which John Thelwall was "Editor, Proprietor, Printer, and Publisher"; and the *London Magazine* for the same month contained Lamb's poetic tribute to James Sheridan Knowles, the second edition of whose tragedy "Virginius" received a laudatory notice in the September number of the *Monthly Review*.

Among the minor versifiers of the time was the Irishman John Macken ("Ismael Fitzadam"), who assisted his compatriot Henry Nugent Bell ("Philo-Nauticus") in the compilation of "The Huntingdon Peerage." Macken received considerable encouragement from the *Literary Gazette*. The following are some characteristic lines from one of "Ismael Fitzadam's" serious efforts:

## BALLAD.

A dew-drop hung on the cheeks of a rose  
Fast by a bower,  
Where, at sunset hour,  
The young sylph, Beauty, sought repose.

Lovely as nature the flower looked at even,  
And the pure pearl wan,  
That trembled thereon,  
Had just been distilled from heaven.

## LITERARY GOSSIP

THE Bicentenary Exhibition of Gilbert White in September included, at first sight, an excellent array of relics; but when we come to examine the catalogue closely, we are a little disappointed. There were, for instance, only three or four autograph exhibits of secondary importance. We imagine that the very considerable amount of literary manuscript produced by White has not vanished into thin air; and should like to have seen the public interest manifested in twenty times as many loans. The fault is not on the side of the Gilbert White Fellowship, who had obviously laboured long and hard, and had gathered a mass of supplementary material.

Mr. Wynne Baxter, the well-known Coroner for East London, was a man of cultivated tastes, and he has left amongst other things a fine collection of Miltoniana on which he spent several years, and which is particularly strong in first editions. The collection is, we hear, shortly to be sold in London, and we hope that all the choicest items will not go to rich Americans. Books—even rare books—should belong to those who understand them; and as Mr. A. Edward Newton, in his "Amenities of Book Collecting," doubts if there are in his country "to-day half-a-dozen important book-buyers who can read Latin with ease, let alone Greek," the classic idioms of Milton would hardly appeal to them.

The practice of stamping or writing in ink the words "For Review" in books sent to the press fell out of date and repute some time since. Now we regret to see certain publishers returning to it. This may be justifiable when books are sent for a line or two of reporting or casual comment to readers who care little for them, and get rid of them as soon as possible. But when books go to experts who read them carefully and preserve them for their own sake, publishers might surely conceive that such recipients like a front page or title-page undefaced, as clean as when it left the binders. The best publishers to-day do not emphasize the claims of commerce in this ugly style; the less eminent might follow their lead.

Mr. T. W. Hand, city librarian at Leeds, has published an enlightening account of the Leeds Public Libraries since 1870. It is a fine record of scientific advance, and we like especially that phrase of Mr. Hand's, "it is scarcely possible to conceive of the city without the Libraries."

At a publishers' luncheon in New York, on October 7, Mr. G. H. Putnam paid a personal and public tribute to the memory of William Heinemann: "He had achieved a reputation for creative capacity, for clear-headedness and for fair dealing, that had secured for him the right to represent the business interests of an important group of authors and had kept him in friendly relations with members of the book trade on both sides of the Atlantic."

Meanwhile, the business which Heinemann founded proceeds. Mr. Masfield's steeplechase poem, "Right Royal," is announced for publication this month; a French war-book, under the English title of "Wooden Crosses," which has astonished the critics over the Channel, will appear on Armistice Day.

Joseph Nollekens, sculptor, was also on the Stock Exchange; he left some £200,000, but owned only two shirts late in life. John Thomas Smith, of the British Museum, had some idea that he should presently acquire some portion of the money; but to his surprise and disgust he got nothing. He therefore played the candid friend, and produced an extraordinary book called "Nollekens and his Times," 1829. An edition was produced by Mr. Gosse in 1894; but it is claimed that the reissue edited by Mr. Wilfred Whitten, and announced by Mr. Lane, is the only complete edition since 1829; it will, moreover, be illustrated.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus announce the famous Bolshevik poem "The Twelve," by M. Alexander Blok, translated by Mr. C. E. Bechofer; also a record of Secret Service work in Crete, experienced and described by Mr. J. C. Lawson, entitled "Tales of Ægean Intrigue."

## BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

WHEN King Cophetua took the beggar-maid into his gilded Court, there is good reason to believe that she was overwhelmed by the display of nobility and possession; and when—if ever—a poor book-lover walks into the bibliotheca of Messrs. Rosenbach, in Madison Avenue, New York, he must feel the same baffling magnificence. This amazing firm has sent us its twentieth catalogue, and we have hardly yet been able to comprehend its full significance. An unpublished poem by Blake, on "Genesis"; an unpublished essay by Coleridge, on Divorce; the complete manuscript of Horne's "Orion"; the holograph of Leigh Hunt's "Hero and Leander" and other poems, together with Keats' draft of "On a Lock of Milton's Hair"; the original manuscript of Morris's "Roots of the Mountains"; Shelley's, and Hunt's, copies of "Queen Mab"; Shelley's rarest "Address to the Irish People"—but we had better give up. The prices may be imagined: Shelley's "Queen Mab" costs \$9,500. The descriptions of these extraordinary items make the catalogue resemble the "superlative" style of Swinburne on Hugo. We can only marvel; but on some of the smaller items we can reflect. "A Brief History of Christ's Hospital," 1830, for instance, is marked \$35, on account of its including Lamb's *Gentleman's Magazine* essay on the subject. Now this essay had already been reprinted in the original edition of the book, dated 1820; and in a larger volume, "A History of Christ's Hospital," published by Taylor & Hessey in 1821. We acquired this latter for 5s. a day or two since, and it is hard to see why a later copy should command \$35.

One of the best catalogues we have seen is that of the late Dean Beeching's library, which has been on sale at Messrs. Blackwell's. Dean Beeching was a sound and enthusiastic collector, and there is scarcely any highway or byway among books which he did not know. He ranged from Fulke Greville to the Newgate Calendar; he discovered books annotated by Hunt and Coleridge. (Messrs. Blackwell offered "The Natural History of Enthusiasm," by I. Taylor, 1829, with numerous comments in the autograph of S. T. C., for a guinea only.) The classification and description of Beeching's many books is a triumph for Messrs. Blackwell.

"I have bought Coventry Patmore's library," writes Mr. Everard Meynell of the Serendipity Shop. "It includes presentation copies from Emerson, Tennyson, Rossetti, Ruskin, Francis Thompson, etc., but the chief interest of the collection is the inclusion of Patmore's own annotated copies of Dante, Coleridge, Swedenborg . . . and many other authors essential to Patmore. His own works include many copies prepared for the press and revised in his hand for new editions. I have besides MSS. of the third and fourth books of the 'Angel,' 'The Unknown Eros,' and 'Rod, Root and Flower.' . . . My purchase also included the correspondence—series of letters from Carlyle, Tennyson, Robert Bridges, Father Gerard Hopkins, Francis Thompson, and Ruskin." In the same letter Mr. Meynell, much to our pleasure, observes that the booksellers could "provide a stream of interesting bibliographical news if they were tapped in the right way." We, too, have long wished that booksellers and writers were in closer co-operation, the position occurring only too often that documents essential to authors, and either unknown to or despaired of by them, are all the time under the hand of some bookseller uninformed of the works in preparation.

On the 9th Messrs. Sotheby will sell by auction the library of the Baroness Zouche, "including the first issue of the Mazarin Bible; rare and important Incunabula; a set of De Bry's Voyages; Shakespeare's Poems, 1640, with a very rare portrait inserted; 'Tewrdannckh,' 1517, printed on vellum; and other notable books." We may add that the collection is practically confined to books before 1700.

The new Catalogue of the permanent Exhibition of the Stadtbibliothek at Frankfurt-on-Main (Joseph Baer & Co., 10m.) describes succinctly, with references, nearly 400 items, constituting a display of very remarkable quality. Included are a Psalter written about 800 A.D. by Irish monks, probably at Fulda, with many polychrome capitals; a twelfth-century book of Homilies executed by "Guda mulier peccatrix," with her portrait; a binding with a magnificent tenth-century ivory carving (part in Fitzwilliam Museum); representative incunabula, many rare or unique "Einblatt-drucke," and Goethe and Schopenhauer MSS.

## Science

## AN ABSTRUSE THEORY

THE GENERAL PRINCIPLE OF RELATIVITY. By H. Wildon Carr. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)

MANY philosophers nowadays, in addressing a lay public, assume a slightly apologetic air. They feel that their pursuit is not only not regarded with reverence, that it is not even merely ignored with lazy indifference, but that it is coming to be regarded with something very like impatience. The reason for this is interesting. It testifies to a genuine change in the attitude of the lay public towards professional philosophers. This change is not due only to the fact that philosophers have reached no positive conclusions—that may be the natural consequence of the complexity of their problems; it is due even more to the feeling that their training is not the best training for their particular task. The most vital and interesting work which has been done in philosophy in recent years has not been done by philosophers, but by mathematicians who have taken up philosophy. They have contributed a better technique and a more precise habit of thinking, and they have constructed a logic which, although it has not yet led to the building of a "world-view," has at least punctured most of the world-views to which it has been applied. One need not claim finality for the new logic; one may even say that its most important achievement has been to show what methods of reasoning, formerly current in philosophy, are illogical. It has reached a point which makes its study incumbent on any philosopher who demands serious attention. This means that the philosopher, besides studying Greek, should also study science, or at least mathematics, and it would be as well if his study extended beyond Euclid. Euclid has played a great part in the development of philosophy, and the supposed necessity of his axioms has furnished philosophers with some of their most convincing demonstrations, and, there is recent evidence to believe, continues to do so. But we may now neglect such demonstrations, since mathematicians have constructed the non-Euclidean geometries. It is to be supposed that the new theory of Relativity will also have its philosophical repercussions, and that a knowledge of science will become, for the philosopher, still more imperative.

These considerations make us welcome a book on a scientific theory written by a philosopher. It is greatly to be desired that philosophers should tell us what they think of the Principle of Relativity. We were a little doubtful when Professor Wildon Carr started by informing us that he could claim "no acquaintance with the higher mathematics," for it must be difficult, we reflected, to understand the theory with the intimacy necessary to expound it without a mathematical equipment. Professor Carr, however, has relied on his philosophic insight, and the result does not seem to us altogether fortunate. We confess that we have been quite unable to understand Professor Carr's exposition whenever he touches on Einstein's theory, and we have gathered very little from his book beyond the fact that he regards the theory of Relativity as the abandonment of Newton for Leibniz. We admit that the theory of Relativity is a mysterious subject; Professor Carr, to us, makes it more mysterious than ever. For instance, he introduces two trains, one travelling at sixty miles an hour and the other at thirty miles an hour. We knew that something complicated was coming, because we are always meeting these trains in expositions of Relativity. But never before have we encountered Professor Carr's remark about them: "According to the principle of Relativity, the velocity of each is identical, because in each train the observer is at rest."

We have spent a long time in thinking this out, incited thereto by Professor Carr's blitheness about it all: "It is easy to illustrate" is the way he introduces the trains. It seems to follow that every velocity is equal to every other on the new theory, and that if a man went from London to Edinburgh in an express train, and afterwards did the same journey in a perambulator, he would consider his velocity the same in both cases, provided he kept quiet. We can understand that Sir Oliver Lodge dislikes the theory.

But apparently this is merely the beginning. Of this first principle of Relativity Professor Carr says, "There is nothing in it peculiarly subversive of our ordinary concepts"; but when we come to the generalized principle, "It is then that it disturbs our feeling of at-home-ness in the universe, brings over us a feeling of giddiness, and makes it seem impossible at once to attain a new equilibrium." And yet when Professor Carr goes on to say precisely what the general principle affirms, we are not so much aware of feeling homeless as of feeling puzzled. He says:

Now it is easy enough to imagine that the phenomena of gravitation may be unknown to observers in other systems, but to suppose that they may observe the identical phenomenon which we experience as weight and yet observe it not as weight but as the movement of the system, and that this movement is the exact equivalent of what we experience as force—this is very difficult to accept.

But are not the "phenomena of gravitation" motions? Surely, when even we observe the "phenomena of gravitation" in, say, a double-star system, what we observe is the "movement of the system"? Does Professor Carr mean that Einstein's principle is that our feeling of weight is seen by outside observers to be the "movement of the system"? The theory certainly seems to be as revolutionary as its advocates claim.

The rest of Professor Carr's exposition merely increases our bewilderment. He tells us that "gravitation is a phenomenon which is connected with a rotating system," and that to an observer attached to this system the "firmament is in movement." "Consequently for this observer an object (Newton's apple) detached from his system moves with the firmament." The theory gets more and more complex. What is the meaning of this parenthesis "Newton's apple"? Are we to understand that Newton saw his apple rotating with the "firmament"? Such a phenomenon would certainly suggest deep scientific speculations. But we remember the advice of Lagrange: "When you come to a difficulty, go on, and come back later." Let us go on:

But to an observer on another system at rest, for whom the first system is rotating, the detached object (the apple) ceases to move with the rotating system and remains at rest. Therefore to the first observer the movement of the apple will be its fall towards the centre of the rotating earth, but to the second it will be the movement of the earth towards the apple.

We think that Lagrange himself would have to halt at this. We are now told that for another observer the apple ceases to move with the rotating system. But we were told that the apple was moving with the firmament, not with the rotating system. Further, we are now told that to the first observer the apple falls to the centre of the rotating earth. As it seems to him to be a part of the firmament, does it follow that the firmament also falls towards the centre of the earth? It is obvious that not only does Einstein see more in the fall of an apple than Newton ever did, but that on such occasions he is the spectator of much more exciting and variegated phenomena. But from these considerations, Professor Carr informs us, we are enabled "to see what is meant when it is affirmed that space in the gravitational field is non-Euclidean." We need not follow his exposition, since we are willing to admit that in such a Universe space may be anything.

It is a pity that Einstein's theory should be so recalcitrant to popular exposition. The reason seems to be that its ideas are so subtle that they absolutely necessitate very circumspect and precise exposition. Mathematics is the natural symbolism for this language, and any other language is likely to bewilder the reader by its mere ambiguity. These troubles are well known to philosophers, for they are largely engaged in showing opponents that their opposition rests on mistaking the meanings of words. A long controversy is often necessary to find what a philosopher does mean by the words he employs. This is probably the reason why Professor Carr has not been successful in enabling us to share his view of Relativity.

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## SOCIETIES

**ROYAL INSTITUTION.**—Nov. 1.—Sir James Crichton-Browne, Treasurer and Vice-President, in the chair.—The Secretary reported the deaths of Professor Armand Gautier, an honorary member, and of Professor John Perry, and resolutions of condolence with the relatives were passed. Commander R. B. Brooks and Mr. J. F. Dalton were elected members.

**ROYAL NUMISMATIC.**—Oct. 21.—Sir Charles Oman, President, in the chair.—Messrs. J. C. Lewis and K. D. Stewart were elected Fellows.

M. Edouard Bernays read a note on an esterlin of John the Blind struck by Arnould, Sheriff of Arlon, in 1346, and copied from a penny of Edward III.

Mr. Harold Mattingly read a paper on the "Mints of Vespasian," in which he discussed the characteristic features of the mints and dated the issues as far as possible. A feature of the mint of Rome was the constant echoing of the coin-types of Augustus. In discussing the Spanish coins it was suggested that one series at present attributed to Tarraco might really belong to Illyricum. Ephesus was the chief Asia Minor mint, but Byzantium must also have been important, especially while it was the headquarters of Mucianus. Tacitus refers to Vespasian's coinage at Antioch, and there were coins to be attributed to other Syrian mints. A small series of coins dated 74 to 76 A.D. should, as their types suggest, be attributed to Lycia, which with Pamphylia was reconstituted in the Empire in 74 A.D.

**SOCIOLOGICAL.**—Oct. 26.—Mr. A. G. Gardiner in the chair.

Under the title of "Impressions of the New Germany," Mr. Raymond Unwin and the Chairman spoke on the post-war condition of Germany, and two papers on the same subject, by Mr. Huntly Carter and Dr. Marcel Hardy (head of the Agricultural Department of the Reparation Commission in Germany), were read. Summaries of papers by Mr. William Mann (assistant to Dr. Hardy in Berlin) and Professor Foerster (of Munich) were also read. There was a general consensus of opinion amongst both speakers and contributors of papers that the militarist outlook in Germany was no longer dominant. Mr. Unwin and Mr. Gardiner both spoke of the friendly feeling towards England now shown by the Germans. Dr. Hardy dealt in his paper with the good agricultural and economic conditions prevailing in Germany, and particularly in Brandenburg. The latter point was criticized by Mr. Gardiner in his subsequent speech. Both Mr. Gardiner and Mr. Huntly Carter (in his paper) laid stress on the suffering caused, especially to the professional and lower middle classes, by the present economic pressure. The bad physical condition of the children, as a result of underfeeding, and the excellent work of the various relief organizations, American and British, were dwelt on by Mr. Gardiner, and were brought up in the subsequent discussion, to which contributions were made by workers in relief organizations. Mr. Unwin suggested that valuable work might be done by the Sociological Society if it could impartially examine the reactions evoked by the war and the Peace Treaty in the late belligerents, with a view to lessening existing bitterness caused by ignorance and prejudice, and thereby assisting the formation of a lasting peace.

**ZOOLOGICAL.**—Oct. 19.—Professor E. W. MacBride, Vice-President, in the chair.

The Secretary read a report on the additions to the menagerie during June, July, August, and September.—Dr. P. Chalmers Mitchell exhibited and made remarks upon a double-tailed lizard.

Dr. E. H. Hankin communicated his paper "Observations on the Flight of Flying-Fishes."—In the absence of Dr. W. N. F. Woodland, a résumé of his paper "On some Results of ligaturing the Anterior Abdominal Vein in the Indian Toad (*Bufo stomaticus*)" was given by Sir S. F. Harmer.—Professor Maxwell Lefroy communicated a paper by Mr. G. Cotterell on "The Life-History and Habits of the Yellow Dung-Fly: a Blow-Fly Check."

A LECTURE to which we would draw especial attention is that announced for 5.15 p.m. on November 17 at King's College, when Sir I. Gollancz will speak on mediæval literature.

## FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

- Fri. 5. King's College, 4.—"South French Churches in the Eleventh and Twelfth Centuries," Professor P. Dearnier.  
Royal Academy, 4.30.—"A Rapid Survey of the Head and Neck," Professor A. Thomson.  
University College, 5.—"Italian History and Literature," Lecture I., Mr. H. E. Goad.  
King's College, 5.30.—"Contemporary Russia: Industrialism, Socialism, Liberalism," Sir Bernard Pares.  
King's College, 5.30.—"Western Travellers in Greece between 1453 and 1821," Lecture I., M. L. Economos.  
University College, 5.30.—"The Logic of Speech Forms," Lecture VI., Rev. A. Darby.  
Institution of Mechanical Engineers, 6.—"Limit Gauging," Sir R. T. Glazebrook. (Thomas Hawksley Lecture.)  
Philological, 8.—"Tonetics," Professor D. H. Beach.  
University College, 8.—"The Principles of Critical Realism," Lecture I., Professor G. Dawes Hicks.
- Mon. 8. King's College, 5.30.—"The Christian View of the World," Professor W. R. Matthews.  
King's College, 5.30.—"Shakespeare in Hebrew," Dr. Israel Abrahams. (Simeon Singer Memorial Lecture.)  
Royal School of Mines, South Kensington, 5.30.—"The Modelling of the Earth's Crust: Introduction," Dr. J. D. Falconer. (Swiney Lectures on Geology.)  
Aristotelian, 8.—Dean Inge's Presidential Address, "Is the Time Series Reversible?"  
Royal Geographical, 8.30.—"Mount Everest," Brig.-General Hon. C. G. Bruce.
- Tues. 9. Royal Asiatic, 4.—"Aurangzeb Vindicated," Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah.  
Sociological, 5.15.—"Theology and Sociology," Mrs. Victor Branford.  
King's College, 5.30.—"English Historical Sources: The Public Records: Introduction," Mr. Hilary Jenkinson.  
King's College, 5.30.—"The Development of Philosophy from Descartes to Leibniz," Lecture V., Professor H. Wildon Carr.  
University College, 5.30.—"The Logic of Speech Forms," Lecture VII., Rev. A. Darby.  
University College, 5.30.—"Berthel Thorvaldsen," Lecture II., Mr. J. H. Helweg.  
University College, 5.30.—"Bergsonism and Literature," Lecture I., Dr. Gladys Turquet-Milnes.  
Royal Anthropological Institute, 8.15.—"The Origin of Hypergamy," Dr. W. H. R. Rivers.
- Wed. 10. School of Oriental Studies, Finsbury Circus, E.C., 12 noon.—"Africa before 1500," Lecture VI., Miss Alice Werner.  
Royal Academy, 4.30.—"Methods of Painting as illustrated by Magnified Photographs of Brush-work of Romney and Hobbema," Professor A. P. Laurie.  
School of Oriental Studies, 5.—"The Peoples of the Nile Valley," Lecture VI., Professor C. G. Seligman.  
King's College, 5.15.—"Mediæval Contributions to Modern Civilization: Art," Professor P. Dearnier.  
Royal School of Mines, 5.30.—"The Plan of the Earth's Crust," Dr. J. D. Falconer.  
University College, 5.30.—"Norwegian National Romanticism and Dawning Realism," Lecture II., Mr. I. C. Grondahl.  
University College, 5.30.—"The Aims of Ethnology," Dr. W. H. R. Rivers.
- Thurs. 11. Royal Academy, 4.30.—"Modern Pigments," Professor A. P. Laurie.  
Royal Society, 4.30.—"On the Calcification of the Vertebral Centra in Sharks and Rays," Dr. W. G. Ridewood; "Studies in the Mechanism of Enzyme Action: I. Role of the Reaction of the Medium in fixing the Optimum Temperature of a Ferment," Dr. A. Compton; and other Papers.  
School of Oriental Studies, 5.—"The Hindu Doctrine of Grace," Dr. L. D. Barnett.  
King's College, 5.30.—"Mediæval Conceptions of the Kingdom of God," Professor F. J. C. Hearnshaw.  
King's College, 5.30.—"Printed Books and Authors: Notes on the Form of Printed English Books," Lecture III., Dr. R. B. McKerrow.  
King's College, 5.30.—"The Cowley Carol Book," Rev. G. R. Woodward.  
University College, 5.30.—"Italian Literature," Lecture IV., Professor A. Cippico. (In Italian.)  
University College, 5.30.—"Sweden: the Land and the People," Lecture II., Mr. I. Bjorkhagen.

## Fine Arts

### ART AND POLITICS

MR. ROGER FRY, by means of an instructive tale (ATHENÆUM, August 13, 1920), has shown us that in their dealings with art Bolshevik politicians remain true to type. Like the rest of their breed, they have no use for it unless they can exploit it to their own ends. For my part, I was never so simple as to suppose that, if the *de facto* government of Russia professed admiration for Matisse and Picasso, that admiration had anything to do with the artistic gifts of either of these painters, any more than that the respect with which the British Government treats the names of Raphael and Michel Angelo should be taken to imply that any single one of His Majesty's ministers has ever experienced an æsthetic emotion. Consequently, I was not at all surprised to learn that the sure, though unconscious, taste of the statesman had led the rulers of Russia to reject their first loves; that instinctively they had divined that both Matisse and Picasso were too much like genuine artists to be trustworthy; and that they had, therefore, transferred their affections to the thin, pretentious, and fundamentally academic work of Larionoff, which should, I fancy, be just the thing for advanced politicians.

Some time ago, however, before Picasso was found out, a young Russian æsthetic—so Mr. Fry tells us—was licensed by the competent authority to pronounce that artist's eulogy, on the understanding, of course, that the lecture should somehow serve as a stick wherewith to beat the opposition. Nothing easier: Picasso was pitted against Renoir. Picasso was a great artist, because, abstract and austere, he was the man for the proletariat; whereas Renoir, who painted pretty pictures for the *bourgeoisie*, was no earthly good. The lecturer, as might have been expected, was out even in his facts: for Renoir—who came from the people, by the way—might, were he less of an artist, by means of the taking and almost anecdotic quality of his earlier work, give some pleasure to a working man; whereas Picasso—the son of middle-class parents too—could not possibly win from an honest labourer, left to himself, anything but sarcastic laughter or ferocious abuse. But even if true, the lecturer's facts would have been beside the point. To say that a work is aristocratic or democratic, moral or immoral, is to say something silly and irrelevant, or, rather, silly if meant to be relevant to its value as art. In the work of Renoir and of Picasso, and, indeed, in all works of art, the essential quality, as all sensitive people know, is the same. Whatever it may be that makes art matter is to be found in every work that does matter. And though, no doubt, "subject" and to some extent "attack" may be conditioned by an artist's opinions and attitude to life, such things are irrelevant to his work's final significance. Strange as it may seem, the essential quality in a work of art is purely artistic. It has nothing to do with the moral, religious or political views of its creator. It has to do solely with his æsthetic experience and his power of expressing that. But as no politician is capable of appreciating, or even becoming aware of, this essential quality, it is perhaps only natural that politicians should look elsewhere for the significance of art.

This painful but certain fact once grasped, it becomes possible to understand several things that have considerably puzzled critics and historians. For instance, it is often remarked, and generally with surprise, that progressive politicians are commonly averse to new movements in art. The attitude of the present Russian Government to the contemporary movement makes neither for nor against this view, for that novelty it took over as a going concern. Let us see how it looks on the next, which will be very

likely a return to the tradition of Ingres. The example usually cited by exponents of this theory—that progressive politicians are reactionary in art—is the notorious hostility of Liberals to the romantic movement; but I believe that were they to study closely the histories of the Impressionist, the Pre-Raphaelite and the Wagnerian movements, they would find in them, too, evidence on the whole favourable to their case. Be that as it may, this theory, which once seemed paradoxical, quite loses its fantastic air when considered in the light of our discovery. Had art anything to do with opinion, it would be strange, indeed, if new art were ill-received by those who like their opinions new. But as art has nothing whatever to do with such things, there is no more reason why a Radical should like new forms of art than why he should like new brands of tea.

The essential qualities of a work of art are purely artistic; and since politicians, if not too coarse by nature, soon make themselves so by practice, to apprehend these, they must, unless they can leave art alone, seek its significance in what is unessential. Progressive politicians, who have a way of taking ethics under their wing and even conceive themselves the active promoters of good, are apt to seek it in morals. One might have supposed that a message was to be found as easily in new forms of art as in old. But, unluckily, new forms are to most incomprehensible. And, though to a hardened sinner here and there what is incomprehensible may be nothing worse than disconcerting, to him who seeks good in all things and is constantly on the look out for uplifting influences whatever disappoints this longing is positively and terribly evil.

A new and genuine work of art is something unmistakably alive and, at the same time, unprovided, as yet, with moral credentials. It is unintelligible without being negligible. It comes from an unfamiliar world and shakes a good man's belief in the obvious. It must be very wicked. And the proper reaction to what is wicked is a blind fury of moral indignation. Now blind fury is blind. So no one could be much worse placed than the political moralist for seeing whatever there may be to be seen in what is, at once, strange and subtle.

CLIVE BELL.

(To be concluded.)

## EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—Exhibition of Spanish Paintings. SUFFOLK STREET, PALL MALL.—The Royal Society of British Artists.

THE "puffs-preliminary" gave rise to wild hopes of the exhibition of Spanish paintings at Burlington House: it was to be an exhibition such as "had never been gathered together before, even in Spain"; there was to be a roomful of El Greco and a roomful of Goya. The promise has been fairly well kept in the case of Goya. Enough of this master's paintings is shown to fill a small room, although actually they take up a relatively small area of the largest gallery, and as their quality is of the finest it would be peevish to complain of mere shortness in numbers. But the roomful of El Greco, alas! has dwindled to some half-dozen paintings, of which only two can be called characteristic of his genius. For the rest, apart from some splendid tapestries and some major works of Velasquez, the "old masters" section of the exhibition is chiefly of interest to the art-historians and the gourmards of connoisseurship. Spain has never known any flowering of the arts comparable to the great periods of Italy, France and the Low Countries. When one has counted El Greco, Velasquez and Goya the tale is done; each of these masters stands alone in his generation. Luis de Morales, Francesco de Herrera, Francisco Pacheco, Murillo, Ribera and Zurbarán cannot be considered, on any European standard, other than minor masters.

Only a brief mention need be made of the Spanish painters anterior to El Greco. Of the primitive Castilian painters

the greatest was Pedro Berruguete, whose "Self Portrait" (14) is suggestive of early Flemish influence, drawn probably through Italian sources. Fifty or seventy years before his time the authorship of such Spanish art as existed is unknown. Four paintings illustrating "The Legend of St. Ursula" (8) are attributed to a Catalan master who must have lived, it is useful to recall, a century after Memling and Gentile Bellini. But the primitives in this exhibition are few. We come swiftly to Luis de Morales, who shows the way to El Greco. "The painter of Spanish asceticism" is represented by two panels depicting "The Fifth Dolour" (21) and (22), in which the sombre colour, intensity of expression and peculiar arrangement of space seem to suggest the first breath of El Greco's inspiration.

The paintings by El Greco which best show his tremendous powers are "St. Sebastian" (42) and "St. Louis, King of France" (40). The former belongs to the artist's last period: colour and composition are alike characteristic. For anyone interested in the middle period of Picasso this picture is full of suggestive analogies. The portrait of St. Louis is possessed of an extraordinarily tragic emphasis of expression; it has been described as "the most ghastly picture" of El Greco's, and for sheer intensity of spiritual anguish I doubt whether it has an equal in the work of any other painter.

Velasquez is represented in the exhibition by several important works. Valencia has sent a famous "Portrait of the Artist" (68), and Buckingham Palace the beautifully painted portrait of "Don Baltasar Carlos, Infante of Spain" (73). "The Cook" (65) is one of the early "bodegones," which might almost be by the hand of Chardin. From Apsley House comes "An Unknown Gentleman" (67), black-avized, which has been exhibited twice before in London. A figure portrait of a vivacity and lightness unusual in Velasquez is "Calabacillas, the Buffoon" (66); but on the whole the student of Velasquez who is familiar with the examples in the National Gallery will not be able to learn anything very fresh about the master from the pictures now shown. A fine portrait of "A Cleric" (72) is probably not a Velasquez; indeed it is not easy to see why it should ever have been attributed to him.

The treatment allotted to Goya is much more adequate, in spite of the fact that only the sweeter side of his art is represented. None of the satires, none of the grotesques, none of the *caprichos* are here. We see Goya as a fashionable, in some cases a passionate portrait painter, and as a painter of delightful open-air scenes. "Plundering the Coach" (108), "The Swing" (109), "The Fall" (110), and "The Greasy Pole" (111), all lent by the Duke of Montellano, are fantasies in which an element of realistic interest scarcely more than glimmers in an infusion notably tintured with the spirit of "la vie champêtre." "An Amorous Parley" (116) is a delightful trifle, painted with an astonishing lightness and vigour, and there is a pleasant tradition that the lovers are portraits of Goya and the Duchess of Alba. An authentic "Portrait of the Painter" (106) shows Goya standing at his easel. The portrait of the actress Rosario Fernandez (114) is the true prototype of Sargent's "Carmencita," and, indeed, as far as treatment of the dress is concerned, of a mass of contemporary portraiture. The portrait of a little "Countess de Haro" (118) is pretty but rather sugary. The portrait of the young "Count de la Cibera" (131), dressed in the style of a marine cadet and holding a telescope, is delightfully fresh and animated, and the colour is superb. But appropriately enough the finest portrait is that of the painter's most celebrated goddess, the brilliant "Duchess of Alba" (115).

The exhibition also comprises a large modern section to which over 150 contemporary Spanish painters and sculptors have contributed. None of these, with the exception of Sorolla, Zuluaga, Sancha and the two brothers Zubiaurre, is known in England. This section does not show any marked difference from an English Royal Academy exhibition, except that there is a greater exuberance of colour. There is the same proportion of competent as well as of vulgar pictures, and it is evident that if there is any school of modern painting in Spain its members have not been invited to participate in the exhibition. El Greco is here, but not Pablo Picasso. The most interesting of these unfamiliar, yet familiar, contemporaries are Gutierrez Solana and Vazquez Diaz.

O. R. D.

## Music OPERATIC PROSPECTS

ARE there any?

At first sight one might be tempted to say that prospects were never worse; certainly the immediate outlook is not exhilarating. The Beecham venture has been driven right on to the rocks, and even as we write, we learn that Covent Garden is exhibiting (to a characteristically fashionable audience) a film whose tawdry sensationalism has moved the *Daily Express* to make a protest. The place has proved itself conspicuously unfit for any nobler destiny, and we have no desire to offer it the hypocritical courtesy of a good-bye.

Beecham himself, of course, is another matter altogether. He may well cry *Vanitas vanitatum*, and it would be churlish to refuse him sympathy. We are not concerned here to estimate precisely how far the failure of his London enterprise was due to lack of public support, and how far to mismanagement. Even if we desired to do so, we have not the necessary data. But of one thing we are sure, that the fashionable inanity and plutocratic tradition of Covent Garden hung round his neck like a millstone, and that, given another venue, his chances of success would have been infinitely more hopeful. His generous intention was to offer London all that he thought best worth hearing of opera new and old, and his aim in production was to secure general intelligence rather than individual virtuosity. He did his best, however, to make this impossible by surrounding himself with a fashionable entourage and relying largely for support on the capricious purse of the exalted beings whose achievements fill the society columns of our daily press. He was thus pulling two different ways from the outset; he never got the artistic and the economic factors into correlation, and gradually the spirit of the place overcame him, until things culminated in the disastrous "Grand" Season of last summer, with its monotonous diet of Puccini, moderately cooked, indifferently served, and offered at a fancy price. Never, surely, did impresario so conclusively make the worst of both worlds. But it has cleared the air; it has shown once and for all that Covent Garden is not and never will be the home of artistic ideals, and that any operatic venture which aims to do more than provide a fashionable entertainment must shun the place as it would the plague. It has been a ruinous and destructive experiment, but so much, at any rate, we can learn from it for future guidance.

Meantime, for such opera as we can get we have to look to the "Old Vic" and the Surrey Opera. The latter has suffered a sea-change of reconstruction since last season, but the precise nature of that does not concern us at the moment. The question is, What are they going to give us? and the answer, A selection of well-trying popular favourites, chosen with the avowed object of meeting a known public demand. This is not exciting, perhaps, but it is a frank and intelligible policy, and it is by starting on a basis of this kind, and gradually broadening it as occasion offers, that permanent results are most likely to be achieved.

The "Old Vic" is presenting at the moment a repertory of four operas—"Figaro," "Tannhäuser," "Rigoletto" and "Maritana." "Lohengrin," "Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria" are to be added shortly. The "Figaro" production is again in the hands of Mr. Clive Carey, and is virtually the same as that of last season. There are certain changes in the cast; Mr. Sumner Austin takes the place of Mr. Johnstone Douglas as Count Almaviva, whilst Miss Lawson, who made such an attractive Countess, has been succeeded by Miss Sarah Fischer, a newcomer who showed signs of nervousness now and again, but on the whole acquitted herself creditably. The performance as a whole is a remarkable vindication of the ascendancy of mind over

matter. The usual comment on a production of this kind is that it is astonishingly good considering the limitations of its material resources. So far as that concerns the orchestra we agree; but if it is intended to apply also to the scenic accessories, we differ entirely. Sumptuous mounting is no help at all, except in an opera (or play) that depends on spectacular effect. Elsewhere, it is a positive hindrance; it dulls the imagination, and prevents the mind from concentrating on the musico-dramatic essentials. The success of the "Figaro" production is not achieved in spite of these supposed limitations, but because of them. The players know that they have the undivided attention of their audience, and that the pearls of the intelligence will not be cast before swine. Therefore they cast them freely, and their listeners are not slow to respond. Beyond this we are not going to offer any criticism, for the merit of the performance lies not in any individual excellence, but in the fine balance and cohesion of the whole. Such little weaknesses as we noticed here and there are not worth enumerating in detail; they are likely to disappear of their own accord later on.

So much for Mozart. Wagner—and especially early Wagner—is a very different pair of shoes. We confess we do not see what is to be done with "Tannhäuser." It is a highly moral tale, no doubt: sin, repentance, absolution, all in their proper sequence, and a triumphant demonstration that profane love is not really half so enjoyable as the sacred variety of that emotion. But can one really believe in it? We found ourselves putting the straight question: Suppose it was you, you yourself, who had to make the choice between Venus and Elizabeth, how would your choice fall? After a year in the Venusberg, of course, you would be bored beyond belief, bored to the point at which a man may do almost anything; but is it conceivable that any rebound, however violent, should drive you into the arms of Elizabeth? Would you, could you ever bring yourself to feel the mildest fraternal affection for this virtuous nullity? Would you not have been only too thankful, Venus or no Venus, to leave Elizabeth to make a highly suitable match with Wolfram, who appears to have been quite ready (incredible though it may seem) to lead her to the altar?

Of course, this only means that over some people—let us put it impersonally—the Wagnerian spell is cast in vain. One does not ask these absurd questions if one is enjoying the music. At any rate, nobody at the "Old Vic" appears to be troubled by them. The players play their parts in a perfectly straightforward manner, and the audience accepts it all in the spirit in which it is offered. It is very curious, by the way, how one finds oneself thinking in terms of the audience almost as much as of the players when one is trying to describe these Waterloo Road performances. The *rapprochement* between stage and house is so close that one almost loses consciousness of the usual distinction, so painfully impressed on one in our West End concert-halls, where the audience, to all outward seeming, is just a fortuitous aggregation of inorganic matter, showing sign of life only by an occasional burst of ill-timed loquacity.

A word of praise, in conclusion, to the orchestra, and their indefatigable conductor, Mr. Corri. One could not say that the playing of "Tannhäuser" was free from slips; but in cleanness and verve it left little to be desired. The arrangement of the score shows a very skilful adaptation of means to ends, and the lack of string volume is not by any means a fatal handicap, though, naturally, it is felt more in "Tannhäuser" than in "Figaro." But those pilgrims are a ragged lot. R. O. M.

THE October *Architectural Review* (always one of the periodicals approaching perfection, particularly in its production) speaks of rumoured alterations in Chelsea which would affect Cheyne Walk and its many memories.

## CONCERTS

MISS ASTRA DESMOND gave one of her infrequent recitals at the Wigmore Hall on October 25, and once more showed herself a most accomplished singer. To trace the subtle rhythmic curve of Pizzetti's "I Pastori" as she can do is in itself proof of technical finish that is rare in these times; nor is this technique one-sided, for a florid aria from Handel's "Partenope" was given with just that smoothness and tranquillity that is so much more telling than mere brilliance in *coloratura* singing. Yet Miss Desmond, as it seems to us, is not quite the artist she was. She is less vivid, less Protean; she does not, as formerly, reveal to us a new personality in every song she sings. Is it the lethal influence of the ballad concert that now makes her fit the song to the style.

Mr. Steuart Wilson's second concert, given on October 26, took the form of a solo recital, with Mr. Anthony Bernard at the piano. The programme included Schumann's "Dichterliebe" in a new translation—an extremely good one—made by Mr. Wilson himself. Once more one had the impression of a voice whose natural beauty is quite out of the common, but which its possessor yet cannot quite use to the best advantage. We suspect (to put it briefly) that Mr. Wilson does not open his mouth wide enough, and that this is the real cause of three defects which we noticed that evening: (1) a slight nasality of tone in *forte* and *fortissimo* passages; (2) a tendency to flatness when the voice became tired; (3) a certain want of variety in tone-colour.

We confess to a decided sympathy with the Czecho-Slovak school of composition; it contrives to retain its freedom of outlook without becoming provincial. Novak's D major Quartet, which the Bohemian-Czech combination played at their concert on October 28, is a very attractive specimen of the school, lively and vigorous in its middle sections, but opening and closing in a vein of quiet and reflective beauty that appealed strongly to our *bourgeois* temperament. Our own quartet parties might well add this work to their repertoire.

Mme. Suggia is so incomparably the finest 'cellist at present to be heard in London that it hardly seems necessary to do more than record the fact that the first of her recitals took place on October 27, when she played, with Mr. Adolph Mann at the piano, sonatas by Brahms and Frank Bridge, with a group of smaller pieces in between. We wish we knew how she gets that variety of tone-colour into her *pizzicato* playing.

For the rest it has been a week of piano recitals. There has been a perfect glut in the market. We were unable to attend those of Mr. Beach, Mr. Wilks, Mr. Hofmann, and Countess Morsztyn—not of our own choice, but from the physical impossibility of being everywhere at once. The pianists we did hear were Miss Peppercorn, Mr. Harold Samuel, and M. Siloti. Miss Peppercorn convinces one by sheer gusto; every now and again her exuberance gets the better of her, and then her tone becomes forced and hard, whilst she is apt on occasion to detach a melody from its accompaniment in order to make it stand out in greater prominence. But she is a genuine and likable musician. Mr. Harold Samuel is best known as a Bach player, but on this occasion he was heard in a very catholic programme of Scarlatti, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, Albeniz and Ravel. He is inclined at moments to overstate and to sentimentalize, but there is a warmth and responsiveness in his playing which is hard to withstand, whilst his command of the instrument is all that one can reasonably ask. His finest playing, in a way, was heard in Ravel's "Ondine"; we should imagine that this was less congenial to him than any other piece in his programme, but he played it with just the passionless detachment which it requires. Nothing else would make us believe in the reality of this strange watery existence. As for M. Siloti, he is a pianist of unquestioned eminence who is probably not doing himself justice for the time being. There is too much deliberate virtuosity about him; his playing seemed to us to be hard and insensitive. Yet M. Siloti cannot be a mere virtuoso; he is an artist who has done music loyal service all his life; he is in the line of a great tradition, and is altogether too big a man to be casually dismissed. About his arrangements and revisions of Bach, however, we feel no such reserve. To transcribe movements from the unaccompanied 'cello suites and play them at pianoforte recitals is merely perverse, and to "revise" works like the Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue without explanation or apology, is presumption. R. O. M.

## Drama SAWDUST

GLOBE THEATRE.—"Fédora," By Victorien Sardou.

THEY manage these things better in Sardou," Mr. Philip Guedalla remarks somewhere in his entertaining volume of new essays. Indeed they do not. They manage nothing whatever that is worth while in Sardou. Is it perhaps for being too severe with the works of our native playwrights that we are now punished by this attempted revival of what never lived, by the infliction of these obsolete bran-and-sawdust dramas from over the water, works compared with which "Punch and Judy" is a poem of Aristotelian pity and terror? Is it safe thus to give one more wrench to the sorely strained Entente?

We might pardon Sardou that peculiar art of construction which earned for the type of piece he turned out the derisive title of "the well-made play." We might overlook the complicated clumsiness of his expositions, which led the innocent spectator to suppose in dismay that it must be a work of superhuman difficulty to get a piece started at all; we might pardon the troops of unnecessary characters, great and little, introduced simply as "confidants," thanks to whose fevered thirst for information the audience may be kept informed of the tottering march of the plot—"Fédora," for instance, begins with the device, long since banned from the drama-houses of this country, of an explanatory conversation between a servant and a tradesman—and we might even forgive the cheapness and irrelevancy of the "comic relief." (By the way, some of those comedy scenes must surely have crept into the play after it crossed the Channel; the flavour of the late mid-Victorian stage in them is overpowering. We would look the matter up if we could believe it possible that anyone had ever printed a play of Sardou's.) What we cannot forgive is the absence of a single one of the qualities that distinguish a work of art from the police reports of a Sunday newspaper. To watch for three or four acts the unravelling of vulgar passion crimes or acts of espionage committed by heartless and brainless puppets gaudily decorated with the stage-insignia of Russian counts, princesses, and police-agents—or whatever particular brand of local colour is selected for the enamelling—is a perfectly heart-breaking experience to anybody with the least respect or hope for our theatre. Are our new deportation Acts not broad enough to catch Count Ipanoff and Countess Zisla and La Tosca and all the boxful of them and deliver our actors and actresses from temptation? The answer, we fear, is in the negative.

"Fédora," one presumes, was knocked together in order that Madame Bernhardt might have an opportunity to exploit her personality—might glide, prowl, coil and uncoil, glance oblique hatred over the plumes of an enormous black-and-scarlet fan, send cascades of nameless thoughts over her mobile mask, and finally writhe and stiffen horribly in the grip of a thimbleful (we beg pardon, a jewelled crossful) of poison. If we ask whether it is in the nature of Miss Marie Löhr, who seems born to embody all the most delightful heroines of classical English comedy, to glide, prowl, coil and uncoil, and do the rest of the tiger-cat business, the answer is, once more, obviously in the negative. We must say, then, that she fails as Fédora, but let us hasten to add at once that, though it is not precisely discreditable to anyone to be able to go through the tricks of Fédora, it is certainly not an accomplishment that any actress need sigh for and feel diminished if she lacks it. It is, however, undesirable to attempt it if you have not what the French term *la physique de l'emploi*. The reason is that it is so exhausting. To watch

Miss Löhr battering herself to pieces in the conscientious—and not unsuccessful—attempt to make the poison scene bloodcurdling, is to feel the dumb rage that always seizes on those condemned to look on while a delicate and sensitive instrument is warped and blunted by being made to do the office of a butcher's chopper. Does Miss Löhr suppose that we never want to see her as Lady Teazle again? When she has played Fédora for as many nights as the cheers she evokes hold out the menace of her being compelled to do, will there be anything of her left to play Lady Teazle or any other of the score parts she ought to make her own as time goes on? She ought to borrow a leaf from Mr. Basil Rathbone's book and take her part with the easy contempt (and competence) with which he gets through the imbecile character of Loris Ipanoff. Only then the desire of the public for something resembling a lady lion-tamer's show would have to go ungratified.

Miss Ellis Jeffreys is more fortunate in that the comedy-duo scenes tacked on to the play for the harebrained Russian Countess in Paris whom she represents are not of a nature to threaten her health. She has but to be artificial, and as Miss Jeffreys' artificiality is as divine as anything that ever came out of the eighteenth century, she triumphs enormously and deservedly. Mr. Allan Aynesworth—once we have recovered from the disappointment of finding that despite the deadly suavity of his first bow he is not the villain of the piece—charms us almost equally. We see by a reference to the programme that the elderly diplomatist he represents is called "Jean de Sirieux"—a continental relative, no doubt, of "Mr. Tonson," "miss Harthcasthle," "Sir Grandisson," and other famous figures of drama and fiction. What's in a name? Enough, it appears, to floor Sardou or his adapter.

D. L. M.

## Correspondence

### MISSIONARIES

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—I am tempted to make a few remarks on Mr. Forster's interesting review, "Missionaries" (ATHENÆUM, Oct. 22). It is the poetry and the imaginative truth in great religions which make them attractive; and one of the supreme imaginative truths which most great religions declare, to those who examine them carefully, is the essential unity of mankind. You may, indeed, produce innumerable exceptions to this rule: the intolerance of Islām, the exclusiveness of the Brahmin, the saying, "Extra Ecclesiam nulla salus." In their inward depths, however, neither Hinduism nor Buddhism nor Christianity sets any limit as to who or what is one's neighbour or one's brother. They say that the Buddha, in a former incarnation, gave his body to feed a starving tigress: some ascetics will not even kill a fly: St. Francis kissed the leper's sores, and St. Catherine consoled the murderer on the scaffold. Indeed, there is no limit whatsoever set to the active toleration of those who have understood some particle of the Divine Love. What I wish to suggest is merely this: that the heroism, the rapture and the romance of true religion are inexhaustible, as, indeed, the poetry of human nature is inexhaustible, on which to some extent it depends, and that if any one religion is to become, in some form or another, the principal among world-religions, it will be the one that relies the most on that inexhaustible poetry. To the Greek—or the Mohammedan—the Cross is foolishness: yet Islām crucified Mansur, who said, "I am the True One," feeling himself in an ecstasy to be identified with God, and she celebrates the deaths of Hussein and Hosain, as it might be the very rites of Holy Week. These religions have, indeed, so much in common: Krishna has the face of the Christ of Van Eyck's "Adoration," and they say that in Thibet there is an enormous Vatican, where the Jesuits saw rites resembling those in St. Peter's. There is much that is Indian in the figure of St. Francis, who tamed the wolf at Gubbio, and saw good little Catholics in the birds. What does it all mean? That there is only one Religion, and that all are forms of it:

or that all Religions point to one Truth? I think myself that the poetry never showed itself more exquisitely than among the hill-cities of Italy. The preaching of Bernardin, the death of Fina—it is there that I dare to detect the new Nazareth, and it is, as I believe, the Banner of the Five Wounds that will yet become the mystical symbol of the agony and the triumph of man.

Sincerely yours,  
WILFRED R. CHILDE.

JOHN CLARE

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—A few days ago I spent an afternoon in browsing over an old scrapbook of poems, evidently collected by a metrical enthusiast who flourished about the period 1800-50. Therein I found, sandwiched between an epigram on a dandy and a poem by Coventry Patmore, an article on John Clare. It was printed over the initials "J. N." of Worcester, and followed by the date, "August, 1844." Unfortunately, I have been unable to identify the newspaper from which it was taken. The article is lengthy. I will therefore briefly outline its purport.

"J. N." visited Clare at Northampton, knowing that he was on most subjects "tolerably rational . . . and not unfrequently visited by the Spring of Song." He found, after inquiries, that the peasant poet was allowed to absent himself from the Asylum, and was told that his favourite haunt was in a niche of All Saints' Church. Outside this edifice he found Clare soothing his disquietude by the aid of pipe and tobacco. He conversed with the poet for some time, and discovered that his mental delusions were protean. Clare was permitted to do as he pleased, had an unlimited supply of books, and only slept in the Asylum. Before ending his article, "J. N." gives publicity to two new poems of Clare. They are "Sleep and Spring" and "The Nightingale." I do not know if these verses are included in any edition of Clare's poems, as I have not them at hand. They are both of unusual beauty, and if they have not been recently reprinted it is not because they are unworthy of remembrance.

I communicate this information because it may interest Mr. Edmund Blunden, who recently resurrected Clare, and possibly some of your readers.

Faithfully yours,  
A. STANTON WHITFIELD.

October 25, 1920.

[Mr. Whitfield's reference is new, and valuable. About 1844 several admirers visited Clare, and I have in my possession an account, the substance of which is similar to the present, by "C. P." of Boston. The poems "Sleep and Spring" and "The Nightingale," which Mr. Whitfield mentions, are included in J. L. Cherry's "Life and Remains" of John Clare, 1873, though the title "Home Yearnings" is there substituted for "Sleep and Spring." This beautiful poem is included in the edition now almost ready; and Clare himself regarded it as one of his best, as the various existing versions, given to his friends, would imply.—E. B.]

THE LONDON GROUP

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—May I address an appeal to O. R. D., who made a passing reference last week to the London Group of artists, for some guidance towards a proper understanding of what the Group is really driving at? I do not make the request flippantly, nor with a mind prepared with any animus towards the Group or its mission, but with a serious desire to escape from a sensation of bewilderment produced by an uninstructed attempt to find out for myself. I am merely a person from the provinces, living remote from the mysterious impulses that stir some of the members of this and other Groups to produce works which seem—but may not be—remarkable for outrageous disregard of convention, for deliberate hideousness and apparently unblushing incompetence. In my ignorance I feel liable to the characteristically provincial error of heaving a brick at a stranger merely because he is strange, from which, however, I am saved by the hope that he may not be as strange as he looks. I have earnestly tried to give this strange art welcome, and in pursuance of this effort have studied its prophets, only to find the bewilderment intensified. They

do not explain, or if they do, they use terms which appear to be their own copyright—terms rich in mystery, swollen with some kind of portentous suggestion, very tantalizing to a plain man who has had no practice in their use or meaning, who feels that behind all that wonderful pageant of decorative phrase there must be something if only someone would come along and tell him in ordinary English what it really is.

Turning to the criticism of the London Group in your issue of October 22, I find that O. R. D. arrived at my own conclusion when he said "not all our sprats are whales, spout and thresh as they may." At least, if I am mistaken in his conclusion, I am fairly confident of my own. If the imagery be intended to convey the fact that certain members of the London Group are artists of a comparatively small degree of achievement, as yet, in an art which has large possibilities, I shall congratulate myself upon having stumbled upon one portion of the truth. At the moment I am concerned not so much with the degree of attainment as the end to be attained. Is it, to quote O. R. D. again, "the faculty to recreate in novel terms"? Is that the heart of the mystery—the purpose of Futurism, Cubism, Vorticism and all the other puzzling developments of the once eminently simple art of making pictures? If so, there can be no question as to the novelty of the terms in which pictorial ideas are being expressed. The effect, unfortunately in this connection, of extreme novelty is merely astonishment. The disciples of novelty may be content with that and forgo the sympathetic understanding of the lay mind. What other construction can be placed upon the intention of a drawing I saw publicly exhibited recently in which a figure like a badly proportioned baboon, with three legs, was said by the catalogue to represent a human creature dancing? One felt, in the Mansard Gallery, intellectually unequal to the novelty of an alleged landscape, painted apparently with a spade, which for sheer brutality of colour will be remembered when more gracious things are forgotten. Are we to take it then that an artist is justified in adopting the methods of frightfulness if he cannot secure your attention else; that if he fail to charm you with artistic blandishment, he may take means to scare the life out of you? If not, will some critic, out of pity for the uninformed outsider, explain it all in plain English?

Yours faithfully,  
R. R. CARTER.

November 1, 1920.

AN UNKNOWN MAGAZINE ARTICLE BY  
THOMAS HARDY

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—In your column of "Literary Gossip," October 22, p. 556, is recorded the story of a forgotten novel by M. Anatole France having come to light in an old French magazine; and you add that "If someone can make a similar find for Mr. Hardy we shall be pleased."

In the advertisements of a weekly periodical called *Light*, which was issued also in monthly parts as *Light Magazine*, 1878, the name of Thomas Hardy is given amongst recent contributors. No copy of *Light* (which is not to be confused with the "Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research" with the same name, which first appeared in 1881) is to be found in the British Museum, nor have I ever succeeded in finding one, so it is possible that an "altogether forgotten" poem or story by the greatest of living English writers remains buried "in the files of an extinct and obscure publication."

Your obedient servant,  
STUART MASON.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM DE MORGAN

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—I am engaged in writing a Life of my brother-in-law, the late William De Morgan, and I should be very grateful for the loan of any correspondence written by him or his wife, or any personal reminiscences of either.

Thanking you in advance for any help which you may give me in making my request known to the public,

Yours faithfully,  
A. M. W. STIRLING,  
Author of "Coke of Norfolk," etc.  
30, Launceston Place, Kensington W.8.

## Foreign Literature

### LETTERS FROM GERMANY

#### I.—FIRST IMPRESSIONS

**A** FORTNIGHT of cloudless sunshine, with a clear and bracing atmosphere, shows Berlin in its most sympathetic aspect. When the weather changes one notices more easily that, owing to the shortage of petrol and the shortage of labour, the streets are in a disgusting state of filth, if not impassable owing to subterranean railway enterprise. Many streets have remained in this state of chaos throughout the war; works were begun and then abandoned; a certain amount of progress is being made now, but it is thought that many excavations will have to be filled up again. Houses and public buildings are encrusted with grime; the British Embassy alone flaunts a fresh coat of paint. Berlin has taken on that air of provincial dowdiness which in old days was the characteristic of Vienna. Many of the large cafés, and with them the social life of the café, have disappeared altogether; their old customers cannot afford such a luxury any longer. On the other hand, there have sprung up recently a number of snug little bars called *Likörstuben*, and what was once the quiet and modest *Conditorei* has become an elegant and more or less expensive teashop. There are plenty of people in Berlin with money to spend, but money has passed into different hands. Berlin has become more and more dependent on provincial visitors. People who live in Berlin say that they cannot afford to go to cafés and theatres, hardly even to concerts, though the prices of admission to concerts have risen less than those of other things.

To an English visitor the theatres in Berlin may well be a source of amazement and delight. There are two opera-houses, and any number of theatres at which one may see plays by dramatists almost unknown in London—Ibsen, Strindberg, Shakespeare, to say nothing of native authors such as Goethe, Hauptmann and Wedekind. The State subsidized opera-houses all over Germany are said to be playing at a loss, but the commercial theatres can still afford to produce good plays. The theatres are always full. Yet there is little sense of gaiety in them. In the first place the theatres, like the streets, are very dimly lighted; between the acts one can barely see to read the programme. There is a strange air of quiet in the theatre, and indeed over the whole of Berlin. People do not talk much. Ten years ago English travellers never failed to complain of the appalling din that went on in any place where Germans were assembled; nowadays the general level of noise is much lower than in England. Even at a cabaret-theatre, where a very amusing revue was being acted before an audience that was drinking (German) champagne, the stillness was almost uncanny. My companion accounted for it by the fact that the audience belonged to the better educated classes, but I could not feel the explanation to be satisfactory. At serious plays there is curiously little applause. After a performance of Wedekind's "*Die Büchse der Pandora*" at the *Kammerspiele* the audience walked out in dead silence. It did not mean that the play was a failure; on the contrary, Wedekind's plays are performed oftener than those of any other author. It was partly the natural effect of a play so sordidly and repulsively tragic, so grim in the severity of its moral. To that one may add the natural depression of people who have reduced their supper to a sandwich brought in a piece of paper and munched in the stalls. Every theatre still has its refreshment-bar, and offers the usual fare, but at present-day prices German theatre-goers mostly prefer to carry their food with them. Hardly a soul goes after the performance to have supper in what used to

be one of the most popular restaurants of Berlin, the basement under the Deutsches Theater.

But the changed economic conditions have made themselves felt in the theatre in a more insidious way. One by one the theatres are giving up the repertory system. Theatres which depend on a visiting rather than a resident public naturally find it more profitable to aim at long runs. The better theatres, such as the Deutsches Theater, Lessing Theater and the others associated with them, keep up a semblance of repertory, but it is a repertory of hardly more than two plays a week, and those two plays may be given for extended periods. For the actors the situation is to some extent saved by the fact that many of them earn good salaries as cinema actors at the same time.

One's first impression of music in Berlin is that it is fifty years behind London. Concert programmes confine themselves mainly to the classics. A recent orchestral concert was brought to my attention on an occasion not to be missed for hearing unwonted novelties; its programme consisted of Scriabin's "*Poem of Ecstasy*," a pianoforte concerto by Rachmaninoff and the Polovtsian Dances from "*Prince Igor*." When I ventured to remark that I had hardly come to Berlin to hear the music which in London belonged to the repertory of promenade concerts, I was told that the promoters of modern music are obliged to go forward with tact and discretion. The string quartets of Debussy and Ravel make an appearance only at concerts of definitely modernist tendency. A pianist who had the courage to devote a whole evening to modern music actually went as far as to include a piece by Mr. Cyril Scott. Cyril Scott and Elgar are in fact regarded in Germany as the representative English composers.

That the foreign music of recent years should be so little known in Germany is not in the least surprising. It was notorious long before the war that German audiences took little interest in any music that was not German. We may deplore their excess of patriotism, and there are many among the younger generation in Germany, too, who deplore it, but the tendency cannot be dismissed with the usual snarl of the anti-German press about national megalomania. The German attitude towards German music is the result of deep-rooted traditions, the discussion of which I must reserve for a later letter. For the moment it suffices to recall the bare fact of this exclusiveness in musical interests, and to point out the immediate result of a protracted state of war. No doubt the state of war considerably intensified the nationalistic movement in Germany as in other countries, though it may very well have induced an exactly opposite craving, as it certainly did in England, among just those people who take the keenest interest in all artistic matters. But the mere physical fact of war cut us off from German music, and Germany from all music that was not German. We in England had already before that reached a point when a certain reaction against the music of the nineteenth century was making itself felt. That reaction appeared to the superficial observer to be an anti-German reaction, but it was anti-German merely in so far as all the music of the last century was predominantly German. Since 1914 England has been flooded with French and Russian music, and the flood was welcomed for reasons that were just as much æsthetic as political. Had there been no war, it is quite possible that Germany would have welcomed foreign music almost as cordially as we did; but it was beyond her power to do so. The printed pages simply could not be obtained.

It is none the less surprising that there should be so little opportunity here of becoming acquainted with the most recent productions of German composers. Our own nationalistic efforts, whatever their ultimate artistic value may be, seem to have borne fruit in very much larger

quantity. The young English composer may rest assured that he has a much better chance of coming to a hearing than his contemporary in Germany. I ask my critical friends in Berlin for guidance; Strauss and Reger, with perhaps the early work of Schönberg, represent our last contact with German music. They tell me that the favourite composers in Berlin nowadays are Mahler and Bruckner, both of whom are dead. Bruckner was a contemporary of Wagner; and Mahler, though he was born some sixty years ago, writes in a style that recalls the days of Schubert. The name of Franz Schreker is mentioned, a name probably quite unknown to English concert-goers. His music seems to be equally unknown to the Berlin critics. Yet he is at the head of the Hochschule für Musik! He is a man of mystery; he comes from Vienna. And critics who happen to come from Austria, too, shake their heads over Berlin, and say that Prague and Vienna are the only places in which one can hear music now. They said so in the days of Mozart, too: the jealousy between Vienna and Berlin is inextinguishable. Schönberg is as little heard as Schreker; the man who has been hailed as the representative national composer is Pfitzner. One need therefore be little surprised to find that of all the voices that rail against Germany's neglect of German music, Pfitzner's is the bitterest and the loudest.

But Pfitzner is a composer of operas, and there seems to be a well-marked distinction between those who go to operas and those who go to concerts. The opera-houses still live on the old repertory of second-rate foreign works, and, worse still, imitations of them by second-rate German composers. Gounod's "Faust" and Thomas' "Mignon" are as indispensable to the State Opera in Berlin as they are to the "Old Vic," "Martha" and Nicolai's "Merry Wives" no less so. Puccini dominates the German stage, as he does that of Covent Garden; but we can, at any rate, rejoice that Eugene d'Albert decided early in life to discard English nationality and become a German, for he has now developed into a German Puccini. Hence he is the most popular composer for the German stage. His last opera, "Revolutionshochzeit," which exaggerates the vulgar brutality of "Tosca" without possessing any of the Italian composer's more attractive qualities, was given the other night at the Deutsches Opernhaus in Charlottenburg. The critics dismissed it unanimously with the contemptuous disgust which it certainly deserved; but it was quite clear that the public adored it.

We in other countries have heard much about the blockade of Germany as regards foodstuffs and raw materials, but we have not realized—perhaps there are many Germans who have hardly realized either—how Germany has suffered from the spiritual blockade. One of the things that have struck me most forcibly is the number of new and excellent bookshops that have sprung up all over Berlin—bookshops such as one hardly finds in London unless one goes to the purlieus of Bloomsbury or the far end of Cheyne Walk. In England such bookshops are more characteristic of places like Oxford, Cambridge and Manchester. Books have risen in price—the little Reclam volumes now cost 1m. 50 instead of 25 pf.—but the demand for books seems to have increased rather than diminished. The war, I am told, gave an enormous incentive to serious reading—to the reading, that is, not of political tracts, but of real literature. It was stated some time ago that, as far as could be ascertained, "Faust" was more read in the German trenches than any other book, and that is on more than one would have expected. People learned in those days of horror to value books as they never did before. It is strange to hear this said of Germany, where books have always been valued far higher than they ever were in England.

But the books in these delightful and fascinating shops are all German books. There is not a foreign book to be

seen: owing to the rate of exchange, no German can possibly afford to buy them. The same thing applies, of course, in the case of music. And in the world of literature, far more than in that of music, Germany feels bitterly her intellectual starvation. It is just the moment when Germany—that is, young Germany—is most keenly curious to know what is going on in the minds of the younger people abroad. Political propagandists took any amount of trouble to distribute official information of various kinds to "enemy" countries during the war; what is wanted now is that the younger generation in England, who look, as young Germany does, towards the future rather than towards the past, should do something to make their writings accessible to German readers. Some of the more enterprising German publishers would be only too glad, I believe, to print modern English poets and prose-writers in English for German readers, if permission could be obtained to do so. Tauchnitz editions will not serve the purpose. They are already too expensive, and they have never printed any but the most popular English authors, such as the casual travelling Englishwoman might want to buy for a railway journey. Germany knows as little of modern English literature as it does of modern English music. Apart from Mr. Keynes' book, which has now passed its hundredth thousand and is to be seen in every bookshop window, the most recent authors that are familiar to German readers are Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells. I venture to appeal therefore to the younger writers who are readers of or contributors to THE ATHENÆUM to consider whether something cannot be done to make their works known in Germany. There is no financial profit to be made, so that it is useless to appeal to publishers; but in the case of authors one hopes that vanity is as powerful a motive as greed. It is at least more easy of satisfaction. There might even be, in some cases, goodwill.

EDWARD J. DENT.

LA BACCANTE. By Mattia Limoncelli. (Milan, Treves; London, Truslove & Hanson. 6 lire.)—The summer season at Sorrento, the delights of which are unknown to all but the most Italianate of foreigners, is a welcome change from Rome or Milan as the setting for a fashionable novel. Sig. Limoncelli has all the ingredients—Neapolitan songs, Debussy, the bathing and the sailing on the perfect sea, the idle life of the hotels with their balls and fêtes, a Russian princess, a spoilt little American girl called Pupy, with a famous dancer and a rather ineffectual sculptor, a sort of second-rate D'Annunzian æsthetic hero, to provide the chief love-interest. But in his hands they refuse to mix, while the characters never succeed in becoming really alive. Obviously he is most successful in his pictures of Sorrento in the bathing season, and he has fallen under the spell of the wonderful beauty of the coast and the whole district. Indeed, there are moments when one almost feels that he is deliberately writing it all up. For those who know this side of Sorrento "La Baccante" will doubtless possess a certain interest, but they will probably often turn the pages rather rapidly.

The first numbers of two French periodicals of interest to our readers have reached us. *L'Esprit Nouveau* (6fr. monthly, Paris, 13, Quai de Conti) is a comprehensive review of what is vaguely known as the "modern movement" in the arts. It covers a great deal of ground and has a distinctly cosmopolitan tendency. What will chiefly recommend it to foreign readers is the admirable illustrations. An excellent article on Picasso by M. André Salmon is, for instance, adorned by the best series of reproductions of Picasso's drawings we have ever seen. A similar study of Seurat is just as adequately illustrated. At the price this review is cheap. The second is *La Danse* (2fr. monthly, 4, rue Tronchet). Somewhat in the style of our own Americanized society journals, *La Danse* contains letterpress by such writers as Jean de Bonnefon and André de Fouquières, and an excellent article on the "Bal Mabille" with contemporary illustrations. It is very well produced in a good type. Are conditions in the French printing trade so much better than our own that such new ventures are possible without an enormous risk?

## The Week's Books

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader.

### PHILOSOPHY.

- Aristotelian Society.** Proceedings, 1919-20. 8½x5½. 314 pp. Williams & Norgate, 25/ n.
- Carr (H. Wildon).** The General Principle of Relativity in its Philosophical and Historical Aspect. 7½x5½. 175 pp. Macmillan, 7/6 n.
- \***McCabe (Joseph).** Spiritualism: a Popular History from 1847. 9x5½. 243 pp. Fisher Unwin, 15/ n.
- Monteith (Mary E.).** The Fringe of Immortality. 7x5. 204 pp. Murray, 6/ n.
- Shirley (Hon. Ralph).** Occultists and Mystics of all Ages. 7½x5. 182 pp. il. Rider, 4/6 n.
- Truman (O. M.).** The A.B.C. of Occultism: the Answer to Life's Riddles. 7½x5. 112 pp. Kegan Paul, 3/6 n.

### RELIGION.

- Robinson (J. Armitage).** Barnabas, Hermas and the Didache: being the Donnellan Lectures delivered before the University of Dublin in 1920. 7½x5½. 126 pp. S.P.C.K. 6/ n.
- Watts-Ditchfield (Rt. Rev. J. E.).** The Church and her Problems: being the Charge at his Primary Visitation. 7x4½. 196 pp. Scott, 2/ n.

### SOCIOLOGY.

- Hoare (Alfred).** The National Needs of Britain. 7½x5. 32 pp. King, 6d. n.
- Funnell (H. Denison).** The Great Rebuilding: a Study in Political and Economic Reconstruction. 9x5½. 324 pp. Parsons, 15/ n.
- Moseley (Sydney A.).** The Night Haunts of London. 7½x5. 192 pp. Stanley Paul, paper 2/, cl. 3/6 n.

### EDUCATION.

- Leeds University.** Calendar, 1920-21. 7½x5. 574 pp. Leeds, Jowett & Sowry, 2/ n.
- Hultin (Arvid).** Borgå Gymnasii Historia Enligt uppdrag av F. D. Borgå Gymnasister: Förä Delen, 1725-1840 (Svenska Litteratursällskapet i Finland, 154). 9½x6. 380 pp. Helsingfors.
- Turnbull (G. H.).** Samuel Hartlib: a Sketch of his Life and his Relations to J. A. Comenius. 9x6. 87 pp. Milford, 5/ n.

### PHILOLOGY.

- American Philological Association.** Transactions and Proceedings, 1919. 9½x6½. 292 pp. Cleveland, Ohio, Secretary, Adelbert College.
- \***Heine (H.).** Buch der Lieder. Edited by John Lees (Modern Language Texts). 7½x5½. 299 pp. Manchester Univ. Press (Longmans), paper 6/6, cl. 7/6.
- Mansion (J. E.).** Contes choisis de Guy de Maupassant (Harrap's Modern Language Series). 6½x4½. 180 pp. Harrap, 2/3 n.
- Nylands Ortnamn.** Deras Former och Förekomst till Ar 1600. Utgivna av Greta Hausen. I. (Svenska Litteratursällskapet i Finland, 152). 10½x6½. 337 pp. Helsingfors, 30 fmk.

### NATURAL SCIENCE.

- Batten (H. Mortimer).** Habits and Characters of British Wild Animals. 10½x7½. 346 pp. Chambers, 21/ n.
- \***Campbell (N. R.).** Physics: The Elements. 11x7½. 572 pp. Cambridge Univ. Press, 40/ n.
- Twidle (Arthur).** Beautiful Butterflies of the Tropics. 11½x9. 103 pp. col. pl. R.T.S., 12/ n.

### MEDICAL.

- \***Reid (Sir Archdall).** Prevention of Venereal Disease (Medical Books). 7½x5. 465 pp. Heinemann, 15/ n.

### USEFUL ARTS.

- Beecham (Lady).** Our Baby: a Mother's Companion and Record. 9½x7½. 60 pp. Hill, 7/6 n.
- Chittenden (F. J.).** The Garden Doctor: Plants in Health and Disease ("Country Life" Library). 7½x5½. 164 pp. "Country Life," 7/6 n.
- Dewberry (Elliot B.).** The Prevention and Destruction of Rats. 8½x5½. 47 pp. Bale, Sons & Danielsson, 2/ n.
- Waddell (Winifred) and Picken (D. K.).** A First Trigonometry. 7x4½. 85 pp. Melbourne, Melville & Mullen Printing Co.

### FINE ARTS.

- Art Collections of the Nation:** some Recent Acquisitions. With articles by W. T. Whitley. 11½x8½. 54 pp. 152 il. in colour and monotone. "The Studio," paper 10/6, cl. 15/.
- Bradley-Birt (F. B.).** Bengal Fairy Tales. Il. by Abanindranath Tagore. 10½x7½. 209 pp. Lane, 15/ n.
- \***Peintres Français Nouveaux.** No. 3, Luc-Albert Moreau. 26 reproductions de peintures et dessins, précédées d'une étude critique par Roger Allard.—No. 4, Jean Puy. 26 reproductions de peintures et dessins, précédées d'une étude critique par Michel Puy. 6½x4½. Paris, Nouvelle Revue Française, 3fr.50 each.
- \***Raverat (Gwendolen).** 14 Woodcuts. Introd. by H. F. (Modern Woodcutters, No. 1). 10½x7½. Little Art Rooms, 8, Duke Street, W.C.2, 3/6 n.

### MUSIC.

- \***Bridge (Sir Frederick).** Twelve Good Musicians from John Bull to Henry Purcell. 7½x5. 152 pp. Kegan Paul, 5/ n.
- Duncan-Jones (A. S.).** Church Music (Handbooks of Catholic Faith and Practice). 7½x5. 119 pp. Scott, 3/6 n.
- Hill (Clarence S.).** Harmonia Harmonica. 11½x9. 51 pp. Novello.

### GAMES AND SPORTS.

- Ball (W. W. Rouse).** An Introduction to String Figures: an Amusement for Everybody. 8½x5½. 38 pp. Cambridge, Heffer, 2/ n.
- \***Tilden (W. T.).** The Art of Lawn Tennis. 7½x5. 163 pp. il. Methuen, 6/ n.
- \***Young (Geoffrey Winthrop),** ed. Mountain Craft. 9x5½. 620 pp. il. Methuen, 25/ n.

### LITERATURE.

- \***Aristotelis Atheniensium Respublica** (Scriptorum Classicorum Bibliotheca Oxoniensis). Recognovit brevique annotatione critica instruxit F. G. Kenyon. 7½x5. 86 pp. Oxford, Clarendon Press, paper 2/6, cl. 3/6 n.
- Concerning my House and Garden,** by L. F. M. 7x4½. 31 pp. Stockwell, 2/ n.
- \***Elton (Oliver).** A Survey of English Literature, 1830-80. 2 vols. 9x6. 450, 444 pp. Arnold, 32/ n.
- Fall of a Priest: a Human Document.** 7½x4½. 55 pp. Gay & Hancock, 1/ n.
- Finlands Svenska Folkdiktning.** I. A. Sagor, Referatsamling, utgivet av Oskar Hackman.—I. B. Sagor i Urval, utgivet av Anders Allardt (Svenska Litteratursällskapet i Finland, 151 and 153). 10½x7. 331, 385 pp. Helsingfors, 30 fmk. each.
- Hare (William Loftus).** The Dreamer and the Butterfly: a Philosophical Phantasy, compiled from the Chinese Classics. 7x4½. 52 pp. Theosophical Publishing House, 9, St. Martin's Street, W.C.2, 2/ n.
- Kenyon (Sir F. G.).** International Scholarship: Presidential Address to the British Academy. 9½x6½. 14 pp. Milford, 1/6 n.
- \***Lucas (E. V.).** Specially Selected: a Choice of Essays. Pictorial Commentary by G. L. Stampa. 7½x5. 142 pp. Methuen, 7/6 n.
- Shawcross (Henry).** The Road Wanderer (Melrose's Pocket Series). 6½x4½. 224 pp. Melrose, 3/6 n.

### POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

- \***Bell (Aubrey F. G.),** ed. Four Plays of Gil Vicente. Edited from the editio princeps (1562) with t.ans. and notes. 9½x6½. 150 pp. Cambridge Univ. Press, 20/ n.
- Bird (G. P.).** Poems. 7½x4½. 92 pp. Selwyn & Blount, 3/6 n.
- \***Claudel (Paul).** Les Choéphores d'Eschyle. 10½x7½. 70 pp. Paris, Nouvelle Revue Française. 5fr. 75.
- Davis (Ruth Helen).** The Supreme Victory, and Yesterday and To-day: Two Plays. Lyrics by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. 7½x5. 158 pp. Gay & Hancock, 5/ n.
- Esson (Louis).** Dead Timber; and other Plays. 7½x5. 60 pp. Hendersons, 2/6 n.
- Fausset (Hugh l'Anson).** The Healing of Heaven. 7½x4½. 85 pp. Melrose, 2/6 n.
- Stieler (Ida).** Edelweiss and Alprose. 8x5½. 26 pp. New York, Beacon Bookshop, 50 c.
- \***Valéry (Paul).** Le Cimetière Marin. 8½x6½. Paris, Emile Paul.

## FICTION.

- Abbott (Jane D.).** Happy House. 7½x5½. 303 pp. Lippincott, 7/ n.
- Carey (Alfred E.).** Sir Waterloo: Fragments of the Autobiography of a Sussex Lad. 7½x5. 320 pp. Selwyn & Blount, 8/6 n.
- Chambers (Robert W.).** The Crimson Tide. 7½x5. 367 pp. il. Appleton, 8/6 n.
- \*Hamsun (Knut).** Pan. 7½x5. 230 pp. Gyldendal, 7/6 n.
- Hill (Grace Livingston) (Mrs. Lutz).** Exit Betty. 7½x5½. 247 pp. Lippincott, 7/ n.
- Nigond (Gabriel).** Gone. 7½x4½. 248 pp. Paris, Ollendorff, 7 fr.
- \*O'Donovan (Gerald).** Conquest. 7½x5. 327 pp. Constable, 9/ n.
- \*Proust (Marcel).** Le Côte de Guermentes, I. (A la Recherche du Temps perdu, Tome 3). 7½x5½. 279 pp. Paris, Nouvelle Revue Française, 12 fr.
- \*Tchegov (Anton).** The Schoolmistress; and other Stories. Tr. by Constance Garnett. 6½x4½. 309 pp. Chatto & Windus, 3/6 n.
- Wynne (May).** A Gallant of Spain. 6½x4½. 245 pp. Stanley Paul, 2/6 n.
- Yule (C. Wickliffe).** Overshadowed. 7½x5. 384 pp. Rider, 7/ n.

## GEOGRAPHY, TRAVEL, ANTIQUITIES.

- Cardinal (A. W.).** The Natives of the Northern Territories of the Gold Coast: their Customs, Religion and Folk-lore. 8½x5½. 174 pp. Kegan Paul, 12/6 n.
- Dougherty (Raymond Phillip).** Records from Erech: Time of Nabonidus, 555-538 B.C. (Yale Oriental Series: Babylonian Texts, Vol. VI.) 11½x9. 46 pp. 84 pl. New Haven, Conn., Yale Univ. Press (Milford), 21/ n.
- \*Graham (Stephen).** Children of the Slaves. 8½x5½. 315 pp. Macmillan, 12/ n.
- History of Albany, by Civis.** 11½x7½. 16 pp. United Metropolitan Press, 198, High Street, N.W.1, 5/3.
- King (Agnes Gardner).** Islands Far Away: Fiji Pictures with Pen and Brush. Introd. by Sir Everard im Thurn. 8½x5½. 283 pp. il. and maps. Sifton, Praed & Co., 67, St. James's Street, S.W., 18/ n.
- Kyle (Melvin Grove).** Moses and the Monuments: Light from Archaeology on Pentateuchal Times (L. P. Stone Lectures, Princeton Theological Seminary, 1919). 8½x6½. 290 pp. pl. Oberlin, Ohio, Bibliotheca Sacra Co. (Scott), 8/ n.
- Peet (T. Eric).** The Mayer Papyri A. and B.: Nos. M.11162 and M.11186 of the Free Public Museums, Liverpool. 20½x15. 20 pp. 27 pl. Egypt Exploration Society, 50/.
- Wilmore (Albert).** The Groundwork of Modern Geography: an Introduction to the Science of Geography. 7½x5. 411 pp. Bell, 6/ n.

## BIOGRAPHY.

- \*Dodwell (H.), ed.** The Diary of Ananda Ranga Pillai. Tr. from the Tamil by order of the Govt. of Madras. Vol. VII. 9x5½. 489 pp. Madras, Govt. Press, 4/6 n.
- \*Evelyn (John).** The Early Life and Education of John Evelyn, 1620-41. With a Commentary by H. Maynard Smith. (Oxford Historical and Literary Studies, Vol. XI.) 9½x5½. 202 pp. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 12/6 n.
- Gray (Terence).** The Life of Hatshepsut: a Pageant of Court Life in Old Egypt of the XVIIIth Dynasty, reconstructed from the Monuments: an Historical Study of the First Great Woman of History. 8½x5½. 285 pp. il. Cambridge, Heffer, 14/ n.
- \*Guedalla (Phillip).** Supers and Supermen: Studies in Politics, History, and Letters. 9x6. 254 pp. Fisher Unwin, 15/ n.
- McLachlan (H.), ed.** Letters of Theophilus Lindsey. 7½x5. 160 pp. Manchester Univ. Press (Longmans), 6/ n.
- \*Raymond (E. T.).** Mr. Balfour: a Biography. 8½x6. 228 pp. Collins, 12/6 n.
- Wilkins (H. J.).** Edward Colston, 1636-1721: a Chronological Account of his Life and Work; together with an Account of the Colston Societies and Memorials in Bristol. 9x5½. 168 pp. Bristol, Arrowsmith, 9/ n.

## HISTORY.

- \*Ephimenko (A. R.).** A Short History of Russia. Tr. by Herbert Moore. 7½x5. 169 pp. il. maps. S.P.C.K., 6/6 n.

- \*Fortescue (Hon. J. W.).** History of the British Army. Vols. IX. and X. 9x6. 557, 476 pp. maps. Macmillan, 84/ n.
- Gilson (Julius P.).** A Student's Guide to the Manuscripts of the British Museum (Helps for Students of History, 31). 7x4½. 48 pp. S.P.C.K., 1/ n.
- \*Muir (Ramsay).** A Short History of the British Commonwealth: Vol. I. The Islands and the First Empire (to 1763). 9x5½. 840 pp. Philip, 17/6 n.
- \*Rodocanachi (E.).** La Réforme en Italie. Première Partie. 8x5½. 465 pp. Paris, Picard, 10fr.

## PERIODICALS.

- Friends' Quarterly Examiner.** Tenth Month, 1920. Swarthmore Press, 2/
- Law Quarterly Review.** October. Stevens & Sons, 5/ n.
- Psychic Research Quarterly.** October. Kegan Paul, 3/6 n.
- Rupam.** No. 2, April. Calcutta, 7, Old Post Office Street, 5 rupees.

## REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- Collodi (C.).** Pinocchio: the Story of a Puppet. Gift Edition, with 14 col. il. by Maria L. Kirk. 9½x7½. 234 pp. Lippincott, 10/6 n.
- Dickens (Charles).** A Christmas Carol in Prose. Il. by Harold Copping. 8½x6½. 186 pp. R.T.S., 10/6 n.
- Gruenberg (Sidonie Matzner).** Your Child To-day and Tomorrow: some Problems for Parents. 7½x5. 255 pp. il. Lippincott, 7/6 n.
- Mauclair (Camille).** L'Orient Vierge. 8x5½. 188 pp. Paris, Ollendorff, 3fr.
- \*Maurice (Major-Gen. Sir F.).** Forty Days in 1914. 9x5½. 237 pp. maps. Constable, 21/ n.
- Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.** Il. by Ronald Balfour. 10½x7½. 148 pp. Constable, 21/ n.
- Spyri (Johanna).** Heidi. Tr. by Elisabeth P. Stork. Gift Edition, with 14 col. il. by Maria L. Kirk. 2nd impression. 9½x7½. 319 pp. Lippincott, 10/6 n.
- Witt (Robert Clermont).** How to Look at Pictures. 7½x5. 199 pp. il. Bell, 7/6 n.

## JUVENILE

- Belgrave (M. Dorothy) and Hart (Hilda).** Children's Stories from Old British Legends. Il. by Harry G. Theaker. Ed. by Capt. E. Vredenburg. 9½x7½. 134 pp. Tuck, 7/6 n.
- Blackie's Children's Annual.** 11x8½. 208 pp. col. il. Blackie, 6/ n.
- Blackie's Children's Diary, 1921.** Verses and pictures by Florence Harrison. 5½x4½. Blackie, 1/6 n.
- Boy's Own Annual.** Vol. XLII. 11½x8½. 754 pp. il. R.T.S., 13/6 n.
- Cheesman (Lillian).** That Curly-Headed Rogue. 10x7½. 76 pp. il. Jarrolds, 6/ n.
- Cradoek (Mrs. H. C.).** Josephine, John and the Puppy. 10x7½. 64 pp. col. il. Blackie, 5/ n.
- Cradoek (Mrs. H. C.).** Peggy's Twins. 10½x8. 63 pp. il. S.P.C.K., 6/ n.
- Davies (E. Chivers).** Our Friends at the Farm. 12x9. 63 pp. col. il. Harrap, 6/ n.
- Derriek (Freda).** The Ark Book. 9½x12½. 28 pp. col. il. Blackie, 7/6 n.
- Everett (Bernard), ed.** The Scout's Book: a Book for Boys of all Sizes and all Ages. 10x7½. 256 pp. il. Pearson, 7/6 n.
- Golschmann (Leon).** Baby Mishook: the Adventures of a Siberian Cub. 7½x5½. 171 pp. il. Harrap, 5/ n.
- Henslow (T. Geoffrey W.).** Poems to Children. 7½x4½. 48 pp. Chancery Lane Printing Works, Plough Court, E.C.4, 1/6 n.
- Jones (May Farinholt).** Keep-well Stories for Little Folks. 7½x5½. 140 pp. Lippincott, 3/ n.
- Latham (Austin).** Among the Innocents. 7½x5. 53 pp. Methuen, 5/ n.
- Leighton (Robert).** Kiddie the Scout. 8x5½. 224 pp. il. Pearson, 4/6 n.
- Lieck (Albert).** The Flying Horse. 7½x5. 126 pp. il. Harrap, 1/3 n.
- Nightingale (Agnes).** Visual Fairy Tales, with outline pictures for colouring. 9x7. 48 pp. Black, 1/ n.
- Old Mother Hubbard and her Dog.** Il. by Frank Adams. 11½x9½. 32 pp. Blackie, 6/ n.
- Ponting (Alice and Clarence).** The Riddle of the Wood. 92 pp. il.—The River of Dreams. 92 pp. il.—The Land of Nursery Rhymes. 92 pp. il.—The Gnome's Treasure. 90 pp. il. (Ponting Fairy Books). 6½x4½. Mills & Boon, 2/6 n. each.
- Pope (Jessie).** The Terrible Land of "Don't." 8½x6. 23 pp. il. Blackie, 1/6 n.
- Porter (Eleanor H.).** Mary Marie. 7½x5½. 296 pp. Constable, 9/ n.

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